# CHICAGO LEDGER

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The DICE of the GODS

A MYSTERY STORY

THIS WEEK

# CHICAGO LEDGER

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## As It Sounded.

Visitor (to small girl hugging a large Teddybear, whose button eyes convey the impression of a pronounced squint)—Well, little girl, and what do you call your nice new bear?

Small Girl (gravely)—His name is "Gladly," same as the one in the hymn.

Visitor (mystified)—What on earth are you talking about, child? Which hymn?

Small Girl—You know. The one that says, "Gladly my cross-eyed bear."

**Cause for Apprehension.**

"I'm powerful worried about the baby!" said Mrs. Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge, Ark.

"What's wrong with him?" asked her husband. "Pears like he's as peart and plausible as he ever was in his life."

"Yes, and that's just what pesters me! He hain't had anything the matter with him for so long that I'm getting plumb skeered."

## Retained One.

"Lend you a hundred? Why, man, you must have lost your senses."

"Not all of them. I've still got the sense of touch, you see."

**A Word From Wife.**

"Where are you going tonight, John?"

"Going to sit up with a sick friend, my dear."

"If you fellows keep fooling with bootleg, that story is going to be true."

### CROY'S HUMOR IS SPONTANEOUS.

**Missourian Does Not Try to Run Down a Joke.**

Homer Croy, author of "Turkey Bow man," when asked by his publishers, Harper & Brothers, how he put humor into his novels, thus gave the secret away:

"I used to try deliberately to be funny, but I always found that such occasions seemed to call for flowers, the harder I worked the more necessary seemed large and imposing wreaths. Now, instead of trying to run down a joke, I take characters that interest me—and usually they are ones I knew in youth—and begin telling about them, and pretty soon the jokes, instead of heading for the hills with their tails between their legs, come back and begin to nibble out by the rosebush, and pretty soon they are up on the back porch scratching at the corner of the door.

"The main thing, I find, is to get your characters firmly fixed in your mind and then let them rub up against each other. Then things begin to happen. You won't have to go out with a nubbin of corn in your hand and the bridle held behind your back, and try to coax them into a corner, instead of that they will come trotting up and beg for attention. Instead of trying to be funny I climb on my literary vehicle and start off in the opposite direction. Then pretty soon I look back and there they are, trotting patiently along under the wagon."


## $13.95 Goodyear Raincoat Free.

Goodyear Manufacturing Company, 4108 Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to their friends. If you want one, write today.—Advertisement.


## Brain Teasers.

**Hidden Rivers.**

372—Find four rivers in the following:

We often play "Tig" risking many a tumble. Tho it is ever necessary to be kind to animals, yet I bereave of life every mosquito I see!

**Riddle—Me—Ree.**

373—My first is the second letter in the French national flower.

My second is the first letter in the Swiss national flower.

My third is the seventh letter in the Irish national flower.

My fourth is the first letter in the Scotch national flower.

My fifth is the fourth letter in the Egyptian national flower.

My sixth is the first letter in the English national flower.

My seventh is the third letter in the Japanese national flower.

My whole is something you don't want to hear from your father or your wife.

**Four Word Square.**

374—1. The god of thunder among the Norsemen.
2. That which springs eternal.
3. The reverse of closed.
4. Paid to the landlord.

**Syncopated States.**

375—Everybody nowadays his music syncopates, and here are syncopations of our own United States. Syncopate means to contract a word by omitting a letter.

1. Syncopate a State and find a former name of Boston, Mass.
2. Syncopate a State and find cutting down.
3. Syncopate a State and find bright in color.
4. Syncopate a State and find principal.
5. Syncopate a State and find a head covering.
6. Syncopate a State and find a chair.

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.**

**368. Diamonds From the Presidents.**

| 1 | 2 |
|---|---|
| J | L |
| F-A-T | G-I-G |
| F-A-C-E-S | G-E-N-O-A |
| J-A-C-K-S-O-N | L-I-N-C-O-L-N |
| T-E-S-T-Y | G-O-O-S-E |
| S-O-Y | A-L-E |
| N | N |

**369. Concealed Dogs.**

1. Setter. 2. Terrier. 3. Poodle. 4. Collie. 5. Mastiff.

**370. Deleted Words.**

1. pl-ANT-ain. 2. w-RECK-ed. 3. w-HIT-ing. 4. b-IS-on. 5. pa-TEN-t. 6. c-ELL-ar.

**371. With Us Again.**

SCHOOL DAYS
S—H—O—D
S—O—C
L—A—Y

**It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain tensers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.**

**Locations.**

"A great many campaigns have been successfully conducted from front porches."

"Perhaps," replied Senator Sorghum. "But many poems have been written in attics. I don't regard a front porch as any more essential to a politician than an attic is to a poet."


## FREE! MAGNIFICENT FUR COAT

A wonderful $150 fur coat will be sent free by E. M. Davis Products Co., Dept. 1108 Carroll ave., Chicago, Ill., to any one who is willing to spend a few hours distributing their wonderful products. Be sure and write Davis if you want a fur coat free.—Advertisement.


# THE LEDGER NEWS

Published at Chicago, Illinois, at Very Rare Intervals by Ye Editor of Ye Ledger.

SUBSCRIPTION FREE WITH THE LEDGER.

VOL. I. Chicago, Illinois, November 13, 1920. NO. 1.

## RURAL ESTATE SOARING; N. Y. MAN COINING MONEY

**Value of Old Shack in Mountains Worth $1000 Rising Sky-high.**

Mr. Robert Culberson of New York City is facing a peculiar problem. Left an old shack by his uncle, worth only a thousand dollars, he is receiving offers as high as $100,000. Mr. Culberson, on being interviewed today by a representative of the Ledger News confesses his inability to understand the sudden rise in value of his sole piece of real estate, but indicates that he may hold on for a still higher price, as long as the limit does not seem to have been reached.

ROBERT CULBERSON

Mr. Culberson, it will be remembered, was engaged to Miss Hetty Delton, prominent in New York social circles. Rumors have arisen to the effect that the engagement was broken off. Miss Delton refused to affirm or deny this fact, however.

Mr. Rabinowitz, a well-known real estate operator, is supposed to have some inside knowledge of the pool that is forcing this worthless mountain real estate upward, but indignantly denies the charge. In fact, Mr. Rabinowitz says he will either buy or sell in this vicinity. Further details are to be found in the Chicago Ledger, a supplement given with this newspaper.

## STAMFORD LEIGH'S JOINT IS RAIDED

**Police Break in Doors of Notorious Gaming Establishment.**

During a violent thunderstorm last night, the New York police at last brought to a close one of the sores of that city's civic self. The raid took place at 9 o'clock. Four roulette wheels, eleven hundred poker chips, thirty pairs of dice, two fantan outfits and eleven gross decks of cards, both used and unopened, were confiscated.

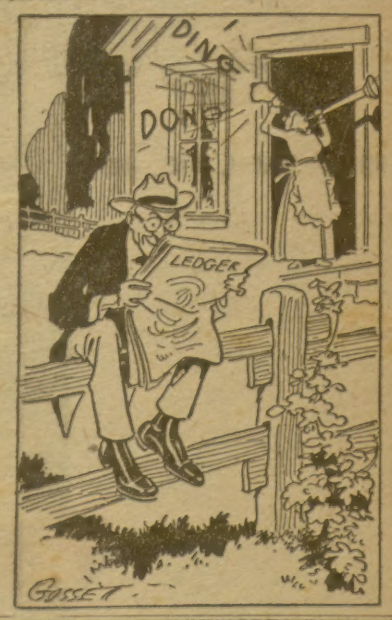
Leigh escaped, but is expected to be picked up before morning. It is supposed that he hired a taxi with what money he must have had on his person, and drove to New Jersey. The police of New Jersey have been wired to look out for him.

Further details of this raid will be found in the supplement to this new sheet, the Chicago Ledger of corresponding date.

## DIGS FOR JUNGLE TREASURE

Star King Jeffers of Jeffers Junction, known in literary circles as "The Poet of the Ozarks," informs this paper that one Rube Samson, who, he says, is slightly "Tetched," is just now digging for "Jungle Treasure," supposed to have been buried after "Looting of the Limited," which he proposes to divide "Fifty-fifty" between "Waitin' Peeley" and "Smiling Charley." He expects to find something more than "Petticoats and Plowhandles," he says. Rube is also quite a politician, his motto being "Turn the Rascals Out." Many of them already have "Too Many Berries," he says. According to Rube, it's "A Dark Mirror" that fails to reveal the "Rat in the Cabin," and the tricks of some office-seekers remind him of "The Devil's Own," he says.

## TODAY'S POLITICAL SITUATION




## ESCAPES DEATH AFTER LEAP IN AFRICAN POOL

**Young Explorer of the Jungles Performs Remarkable Feat.**

Hugh Varden, an African explorer, in order to prevent the theft from him of a packet of important papers, leaped into a pool forty feet below a narrow bridge upon which he, Victor Moreau, Gilbert Nash, and a white woman, all Europeans with interests in Africa, were crossing.

Mr. Varden was forced to resort to this rather spectacular feat on account of a fight forced upon him on the narrow footbridge and the presence on the other side of a group of armed Dyak warriors.

It is supposed that the packet contained revelations concering the relations of Miss Ruth Nash of the party and her father, Gilbert Nash.

Further details of Mr. Varden's feat and its outcome appear in the pages of the Ledger, given as a supplement with this daily paper.

## THE EDITOR'S WEEKLY TALK

HOW do you like the Ledger? Do the stories ever fail to please you, or do they generously amuse and fascinate you? In other words, does the Editor's "picking" fill the bill, as it were?

Remember, we get in hundreds of manuscripts every month, and we take from them the best in the way of new ideas, new plots, strong story interest, that are offered. Authors know we are in the market, and that we pay cash on acceptance for stories that please us. While we try to get a variety of fiction, however, and while the Ledger stories are laid all over the world, in a hundred different climes and times, we think the "story" itself—that thread of interest which holds us fast—will always be found in every yarn. What do you think?

*The Editor*

## WHITE MAN, WITH STOLEN BOAT AND NEGRO SLAVE, HEADING FOR SHRUNK'S CABIN

**Thought to Be Lieutenant Knox of the Regular Army—Enamored of Octoroon Girl.**

Mr. Joe Kirby, well known up and down the river, applied at St. Louis today for a warrant for one John Doe, a white man who captured from his negro slave a keelboat and is known to be heading for Canada, together with an octoroon girl, Rene Beaucaire, property of Kirby thru foreclosure of papers made out to him by Judge Adelbert Beaucaire.

Kirby is of the belief that the negro in charge of the keelboat was first intimidated, and then promised his freedom if he aided the escape of the girl.

As this paper goes to press, Kirby has started north to aid in the hunt. Boats are going up the Mississippi, the Illinois and the Ohio rivers in the hope of heading off the fugitives. One peculiar phase of the escape is that Kirby is unable to foreclose on the Beaucaire estate for the reason that the owner, the slave girl's half sister, has disappeared.

It is feared that the fugitives are heading for the cabin of the notorious abolitionist, Amos Shrunk. Shrunk has long been under suspicion of helping runaway slaves thru to Canada, and it is certain that violence will result should these last fugitives be helped in their flight northward.

Further details are to be found in the fiction supplement, accompanying this newspaper.

# The DEVIL'S OWN

by Randall Parrish

## For Those Who Missed Parts of the Story

**LIEUTENANT STEPHEN KNOX,** the narrator of the story, was on furlough in the year of our Lord 1832, going down the Mississippi from Rock Island, a fortified camp in a hostile section of Indian country, to St. Louis. He bore dispatches asking for troops to repel the threatened uprising led by Black Hawk. On board the steamship Warrior he became acquainted with

**JUDGE BEAUCAIRE,** a wealthy planter, living north of St. Louis, on the Missouri side. He learned form a conversation that Judge Beaucaire had two daughters,

**RENE BEAUCAIRE** and **ELOISE BEAUCAIRE,** one in reality his daughter, the other his granddaughter, thru the marriage of his son with a quadroon, and hence an octoroon. They were about the same age and appearance. Also on shipboard was

**JOE KIRBY,** a typical river gambler, who frequented the boats looking for victims of his skill and crookedness. Knox watched a card game between Beaucaire and Kirby in which the former wagered everything, including a bill of sale of all his slaves, on a poker hand consisting of four aces, against which Kirby had proceeded to show a royal flush. In the quarrel that ensued, Beaucaire dropped dead of apoplexy. Kirby, that night, in a conversation with Knox, told him sneeringly that he intended to foreclose on the octoroon girl, who had never been freed by law, and sell her down the river.

In the ensuing fight, Knox was thrown overboard by Kirby's companion. He swum to shore, and finally made his way to a cabin where a terrified negro,

**FREE PETE,** shot him thru the shoulder. When next he recovered consciousness ten days had passed, and he found that he was on the plantation of Judge Beaucaire. Free Pete told him of a trapper named

**AMOS SHRUNK,** living many miles overland, who was part of the Underground Railway—the system of posts that helped slaves escape into Canada, and at once Knox determined to warn Rene Beaucaire that she now belonged to Joe Kirby, and to help her escape into Canada. When he reached the house, however, he discovered Kirby and his bailiff in possession. Eloise and Rene's slave mother fled, leaving Rene Beaucaire alone in the mansion.

**KNOX,** hiding on the roof of the porch, saw Kirby threatening the girl, and stepping inside the room throttled him into unconsciousness. He took the girl away, intending to regain Free Pete, but the latter, with his conveyance, was gone. With his revolver only, he captured Kirby's boat, which was fitted with an engine, and at once the three set out, Knox, Rene Beaucaire and Sam, the negro fireman, to make the upper stretches of the river.

This story began in No. 43, the Ledger for Oct. 23. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or from newsdealers.

### CHAPTER XIII.
### SEEKING THE UNDERGROUND.

EVERY moment of progress tended to increase my confidence in Sam's loyalty. His every attention seemed riveted upon his work, and not once did I observe his eyes turned backward for a glimpse of the Missouri shore. The fellow plainly enough realized the situation—that safety for himself depended on keeping beyond the reach of his master. To this end he devoted every instant diligently to coaxing his engine and skilful guidance of the boat, never once permitting his head to turn far enough to glance at me, altho I could occasionally detect his eyes wandering in the direction of the girl.

She had not uttered a word, nor changed her posture since first entering the boat, but remained just as I had seated her, one hand grasping the edge of the cockpit, her gaze on the rushing waters ahead. I could realize something of what must be passing thru her mind—the mingling of doubt and fear which assailed her in this strange environment. Up until now she had been accorded no opportunity to think, to consider the nature of her position; she had been compelled to act wholly upon impulse and driven blindly to accept my suggestions. And now, in this silence, the reaction had come, and she was already questioning if she had done right.

It was in my heart to speak to her, in effort to strengthen her faith, but I hesitated, scarcely knowing what to say, deeply touched by the pathetic droop of her figure, and, in truth, uncertain in my own mind as to whether or not we had chosen the wiser course. All I dared do was to silently reach out one hand, and rest it gently on those fingers clasping the rail. She did not remove her hand from beneath mine, nor, indeed, give the slightest evidence that she was even aware of my action. By this time the eastern shore became dimly defined thru the black mist, and the downward sweep of the current no longer struck in force against our bow.

"Wus Ah ter turn nor', sah?" asked the negro, suddenly.

"Yes, up-stream, but keep in as close to the shore as you think safe. There is no settlement along this bank, is there?"

"No, sah; dar's jus' one cabin, 'bout a mile up-stream, but dar ain't nobody livin' thar now. Whah yer all aim fer ter go?"

I hesitated an instant before I answered, yet, almost as quickly, decided that the whole truth would probably serve us best. The man already had one reason to use his best endeavors; now I would bring before him a second.

"Just as far up the river before daylight as possible, Sam. Then I hope to uncover some hiding place where we can lie concealed until it is dark again. Do you know any such place?"

He scratched his head, muttering something to himself; then turned half about, exhibiting a line of ivories.

"On de Illinois shore, sah? Le's see; thar's Rassuer Creek, 'bout twenty mile up. 'Tain't so powerful big et the mouth, but I reckon we mought pole up fer 'nough ter git outer sight. Ah spects you all knows whut yer a headin' fer?"

"To a certain extent—yes; but we had to decide on this action very quickly, with no chance to plan it out. I am aiming at the mouth of the Illinois."

He glanced about at me again, vainly endeavoring to decipher my expression in the gloom of the misty fog.

"De Illinois ribber, boss; what yer hope fer ter find thar?"

"A certain man I've heard about. Did you ever happen to hear a white man mentioned who lives near there? His name is Amos Shrunk?"

I could scarcely distinguish his eyes, but I could feel them. I thought for a moment he would not answer.

"Yer'l surely excuse me, sah," he said at last, humbly, his voice with a note of pleading in it. "Ah's feelin' friendly 'nough, an' all dat, sah, but still yer mus' 'member dat Ah's talkin' ter a perfict stranger. If yer wud sure tell me furst just whut yer was aimin' at, then maybe Ah'd know a heap more'n Ah do now."

"I guess you are right, Sam. I'll tell you the whole of it. I am endeavoring to help this young woman to escape from those men back yonder. You must know why they were there; no doubt you overheard them talk coming up?"

"Yas, sah; Massa Donaldson he was goin' up fer ter serve sum papers fer Massa Kirby, so he cud run off de Beaucaire niggers. But dis yere gal, she ain't no nigger—she's just a white pusson."

"She is a slave under the law," I said, gravely, as she made no effort to move, "and the man, Kirby, claims her."

I could see his mouth fly open, but the surprise of this statement halted his efforts at speech.

"That explains the whole situation," I went on. "Now will you answer me?"

"'Bout dis yere Massa Shrunk?"

"Yes—you have heard of him before?"

"Ah reckon as how maybe Ah has, sah. Mos' all de niggers down dis way has bin tol' 'bout him—som'how dey has, sah."

"So I thought. Well, do you know where he can be found?"

"Not perzackly, sah. Ah ain't never onct bin thar, but Ah sorter seems fer ter recollec' sum'thin' 'bout whar he mought be. Ah reckon maybe Ah cud go thar, if Ah just hed to. Ah reckon if yer all held dat pistol plum 'gainst mah hed, Ah'd mos' likely find dis Amos Shrunk. Good Lord, sah!" and his voice sank to a whisper, "Ah just can't git hol' o' all dis—Ah sure can't, sah—'bout her bein' a nigger."

Rene turned about, lifting her face into the starlight.

"Whether I am white or colored, Sam," she said, quietly, "can make little difference to you now. I am a woman, and am asking your help. I can trust you, can I not?"

The negro on his knees stared at her, the whites of his eyes conspicuous. Then suddenly he jerked off his old hat.

"Ah 'spects yer kin, Missus," he pledged himself in a tone of conviction which made my heart leap. "Ah's bin a slave-nigger fer forty-five years, but just de same, Ah ain't never bin mean ter no woman. Yas, sah, yer don't neither one ob yer eber need ter ask Sam no more'—he's a-goin' thro' wid yer all ter de end—he sure am, Ma'm."

Silence descended upon us, and I slipped the pistol back into my pocket. Rene rested her cheek on her hand and gazed straight ahead into the night. Her head seemed to droop, and I realized that her eyes saw nothing except those scenes pictured by her thoughts. Sam busied himself about his work, muttering occasionally under his breath, and shaking his head as tho struggling with some problem, but the few words I caught were disconnected, yielding me no knowledge of what he was trying to solve. The bow of the boat had been deflected to the north, and was silently cleaving the sluggish downward trend of the water, for we had passed out of the swifter current and were close in to the eastern shore. The bank appeared low and unwooded, a mere black line barely above the water level and I guessed that behind it stretched uninhabitable marshes overflowed by the spring floods.

As we fought our way up stream the boat gradually drew away, the low shore fading from view as the negro sought deeper water, until finally the craft was nearly in the center of the broad stream where the eye could see only turbulent water sweeping past on every side. Occasionally a log scraped along our side, dancing about amid foam, or some grotesque branch, reaching out gaunt arms, swept by. The stars overhead reflected their dim light from off the surface, rendering everything more weird and desolate. The intense loneliness of the scene seemed to clutch my soul. Far off to the left a few winking lights appeared, barely perceptible, and I touched the negro, pointing them out to him and whispering my question so as not to disturb the motionless girl.

"Is that the Landing over there?"

"Ah certainly 'spects it must be, sah; dar ain't no other town directly 'round dese parts."

"Then those lights higher up must be on the bluff at Beaucaire?"

"Yah, sah; looks like de whol' house was lit up. I reckon things am right lively up that 'bout now." He chuckled to himself, smothering a laugh. "It's sure goin' fer ter bother Massa Donaldson ter lose dis nigger, sah, fer Ah's de only one he's got."

The lights slowly faded away in the far distance, finally disappearing altogether as we rounded a sharp bend in the river bank. The engine increased its stroke, giving vent to louder chugging, and I could feel the strain of the planks beneath us as we battled the current. This new noise may have aroused her, for Rene lifted her head as tho suddenly startled and glanced about in my direction.

"We have passed the village?" she asked, rather listlessly.

"Yes; it is already out of sight. From the number of lights burning I imagine our escape has been discovered."

"And what will they do?" an echo of dismay in her voice.

All fear of any treachery on the part of the negro had completely deserted me, and I slipped down from my perch on the edge of the cockpit to a place on the bench at her side. She made no motion

(Continued on Page 9.)

**I Was Close Beside Him by This Time and Saw the Thing Also—the Body of a Man Lying on the Ground.**

**"Ah Reckon Maby Ah Cud Go Thar, If Ah Just Had To. Ah Reckon If You All Held Dat Pistol Plum 'Gainst Mah Hed, Ah'd Most Likely Find Dis Amos Shrunk."**

# The Execution of Spider Pete

## By Will Lisenbee

YES, gents, I can tell you a lot about Spider Pete, tho my acquaintance with him was short—in fact, just while he was diggin' his own grave.

He was game—the gamest man I ever saw—and I had a good look at Billy the Kid while he stuck up seven of us and took our money and never batted an eye.

Spider Pete herded just across the New Mexico line, in Arizony, in the waste places, when he was not practicin' his profession. As he did most of his work single-handed, he was hard to locate, carryin' no baggage 'cept his spurs and his guns. He was shore familiar with them guns of his, and there was a lot of life insurance fell due on some of the best citizens because they didn't realize the fact.

Five hundred dollars was the price the law had placed on his head—which was shorely a bargain for the law, if it could get him for that.

The Regulators took the matter up, for they wanted him middlin' bad. He was the cause of much missin' stock, was Pete, and beef was a good price.

I happened to be inside his range and they put me down as one likely to be handy in helpin' to run him down. So I went with the bunch that run him into a hole away down in a mighty lonesome place, about thirty miles from El Paso.

A dozen of us came upon him unawares, and he surrendered without showing fight, which showed his good judgment.

When he had been bereaved of his guns, we talked the matter over with him—about the arrangements for his funeral, for the boys had voted for hangin' him on the spot. It would save expenses of tryin' him as well as doin' away with the chance of his gettin' away as he had done before. We'd just take his body in an' plead guilty fer him.

He smoked a cigarette while we talked, an' he seemed quite reconciled, makin' no appeal for clemency as if he was used to bein' hanged.

When we asked him if he had anything to say why he should not be hanged, he said he'd rather we wouldn't do it, but he said he reckoned he could say nothing that would disturb the verdic' of a bunch who had convicted him without trial.

I didn't like that sort of argument, for it set me to thinkin' that I had never seen him commit any crime, an' only knowed him by the pictures I had seen of him in the papers—pictures that must have been prejudiced against him, comparin' him with them, for he was rather a likely cuss—one a feller might like to herd with if he had taken up some other business.

While we was talkin' the matter over, Jim Parley an' Mose Hooker was lookin' out a suitable tree with a horizontal limb that wouldn't sag too much under such a responsibility.

"Gents," said Pete, "what I'd like to know is, if you hang me out here, what are you going to do about the five hundred dollars reward?"

"That is easy enough," says Lem Higgins. "The Regulators have put up the money for the reward, and as we are the Regulators, it won't make a bit of difference whether we get the money as a reward or take it down and put it in our pockets."

"I see," nods Pete. "You have more wisdom than most mobs that figure in hangings. I suppose you intend to plant me out here in the desert?"

"That's about the size of it," says Lem. "It will save a lot of trouble."

Pete thought a moment. "What I'd like to ask," he said, "is, as I am to be hanged, I'd like to have a decent sort of burial—a grave that ain't all on top of the ground. I am not so finical as some, but I never had any longing to be left for the wolves to carry off my bones. So, if it is all the same to you, gents, I'd like to dig my own grave."

We thought maybe he was bluffin', but he wasn't. Anyhow we told him that we'd be glad to let him have the job, bein' as the weather was hot an' we didn't have anything to work with but our hunting knives.

He led us round the shoulder of a hill to a little cabin half hid behind a bunch of trees.

"This is my home, gents," he said, "a little place where I stop to rest when I git tired of civilization." He brought a pick and shovel, such as a prospector might carry. "When I can do nothin' better," he says, "I do a little prospectin' among the hills, willin' to take a chance of strikin' it rich some time an' retirin' from the road."

He selected a place in the little valley at the foot of the slope, where there was no rocks, only soil and gravel, an' he commenced to dig. He was a good worker, an' it was a pity that he hadn't stuck to honest toil to make his livin' instead of turnin' bandit.

As he worked he'd stop now an' then to light a cigarette an' make some remarks. "This is a privilege few people live to enjoy," he said, leaning on his shovel. "It is what might be called a grave piece of business, but I am only doing a job that one too often has to depend on others to do for him. It is the penalty I must pay for being caught. It is the corollary of a misplaced sense of security."

I COULDN'T help feelin' sorry for the poor duck, as he worked there in the blazing heat. I was about to offer to spell him a bit when he crawled out of the hole.

"I reckon it's about deep enough," he says, fanning himself with his hat. "I struck rock at the bottom, an' I'm goin' to let it go at that. I'll rest on a solid foundation anyway. But before we go on with this business, gents, I want to ask a favor."

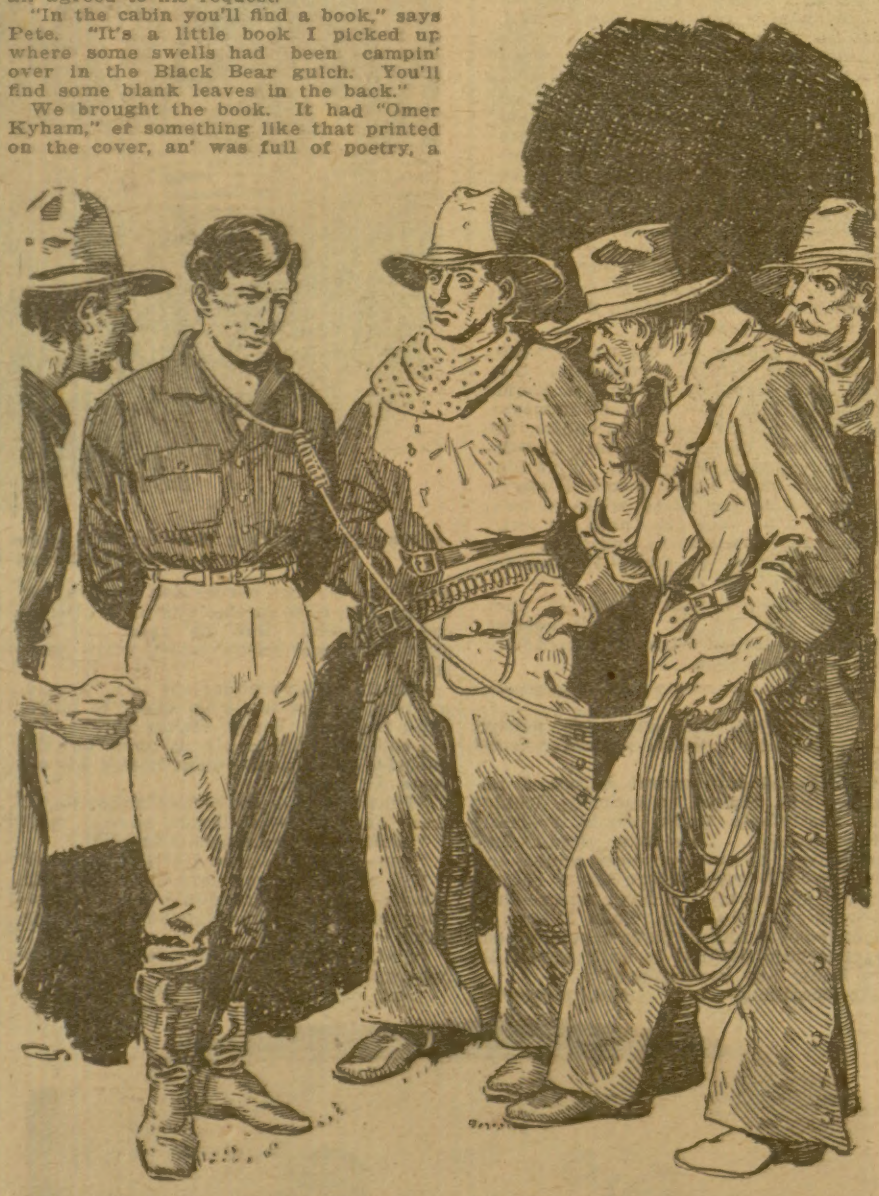
"Ask away," says Lem.

"Bring me a piece of paper," says Pete. "I want to make my last will an' testament."

That seemed reasonable enough, an' we all agreed to his request.

"In the cabin you'll find a book," says Pete. "It's a little book I picked up where some swells had been campin' over in the Black Bear gulch. You'll find some blank leaves in the back."

We brought the book. It had "Omer Kyham," or something like that printed on the cover, an' was full of poetry, a queer book, we thought, for a bandit to be carryin' about. But it had the blank leaves at the back, an' Pete takes one of these an' writes his will on it. When he had finished it he handed it to Lem Higgins. This is what he wrote:



"If It Is All the Same to You, Gents, I'd Like to Dig My Own Grave."

State of Arizona,
July 16, 19——

I, Peter Brandon, known as Spider Pete, being of sound mind and memory, do make and publish this my last will and testament.

(1) I give and bequeath to my mother, Mary Brandon, living in Detroit, Mich., all of my estate, real and personal, including the placer gold mine which I have this day discovered and opened in the presence of the witnesses who shall affix their signatures to this document below.

Well, we read this and looked blankly at each other, wonderin' if Spider Pete had gone loco while diggin' his own grave. Lem was the first to speak.

"Pete," says he, "the diggin' of yer grave er the Arizony heat has got your goat."

"What I want you to do," says Spider Pete, "is put your signature to this will of mine. If you will oblige me in this I will make you my executor without bond."

"But what's all that stuff about a gold mine?" says Lem.

Pete said nothing, but taking up a handful of the gravel which he had just scooped from the bottom of the grave, he steps out and puts it into Lem's hand.

The stuff was yellow with gold! It was the real stuff, we saw at a glance, for Lem an' some others of us had been in the mines an' knew gold when we saw it.

"Pete, I guess you win," says Lem, holding some grains of gold in the palm of his hand an' jigging them up an' down. "This ain't no dream."

Pete lit a cigarette and talked some more. "I have got to trust you fellows to do the square thing," he says. "I was a prospector before I took up the habit of getting other people's money without their consent. An' when I found it necessary to hide out, I got my prospectin' outfit and hit the waste places. It was a good disguise, as well as a means of beguilin' the tedium of dodgin' the law, an' might lead to fortune. Months and months I have spent with my pack burros and prospectin' kit, searching for the gold that is hidden among the hills, but I found but little to pay me for my trouble. So it seems like an unfair twist of Fate that I should uncover a fortune only when I was diggin' my own grave! Could anything worse have happened?"

"It shorely looks as if you had a good case against Fate," says Lem. "I can see how a thing like this might look like it had sort of been done a purpose. But somewhere in the Bible it says, 'The wages of sin is death!' which means, I guess, that a feller must take what's comin' to him."

Lem fell to lookin' at the will.

"Hadn't we better sign it, all of us, an' have it off our minds?" says Jim Farley.

"That's right," said Pete. "But wait till I write into it the appointment of Lem Higgins as my executor."

This he did, an' we signed it as witnesses, three of us. While we were signing he takes another blank leaf from the book an' writes something, which he folds up an' holds in his hand.

"Now, gents," he says, "before we go any further, it might be well to consider what will take place when this gold discovery is made public. Won't my very grave be opened and plundered for the gold to be found in it? This makes it necessary for me to dig a new grave. But wait a moment," he goes on. "I have thought of something better. Why shouldn't we all profit by my discovery? It looks as if it was almost meant to be. For instance, if you forget to keep watch over me an' I escape, the mine will be yours—the property of the bunch of you, while I will be amply paid by gainin' my liberty. On the other hand, it will profit you nothin' to hang me, an' we'll all be the losers."

He paused an' looked us over, one by one, as if he was lookin' in our eyes for a verdic'. Lem was holdin' the grains of gold in his hand an' weighin' them, it seemed, as if they was the words Pete had spoke, an' he was puttin' the weight against his conscience.

"If I should happen to escape," goes on Spider Pete, "it wouldn't be anything more than has happened before. I have heard of twelve fools getting in a bunch together, but I can't remember a circumstance when it happened to thirteen. I have written a release of all my rights in the mine, and what I propose to do is to take a little trip in the direction of Honduras, and if I do not return within three days, the mine is yours. Think it over."

FOR a little spell no one said a word.

Lem Higgins got up from where he was settin' on a bowlder an' jumped down into the hole. He came up with his hands full of gravel. We all looked it over. The gold was there, an' it looked mighty good to me.

We took it down to the spring an' panned out the gold. There was grains as big as wheat and some dust like fine sand.

Lem took one of the grains an' mashed it with the pick. It flattened out like lead.

"Nothin' but gold will stand that test," nodded Lem, approvingly. Then we all set down an' talked some more.

"You see how it is," remarked Spider Pete. "I ain't in position to open the mine, bein' hampered with these gyves on my wrists. You men are better situated. What I'd like to propose is, that you take a vote on my proposition, a secret ballot, so that no one will know how the other voted. See? I suggest this so that no blame can be sorted out an' put on the head of any one."

"That is fair enough," said Lem. "There's allers one feller in a bunch of a dozen or so that takes the money an' blackmails the ones that helped him. But we'll talk the matter over."

We did, but we could come to no understandin', each one bein' a little shy of the game, so that it was finally decided not to go on with the hangin' but to sleep over it. There was no need to hurry. So we camped there for the night. Spider Pete was put in the cabin, and the door fastened on the outside. We lay down on the outside where we could keep tab on him if he tried to git out.

Lem was the first to wake. He was up when I opened my eyes. It was just daybreak.

"Guess we'd better go on with the hangin'," says Lem, "fore it gits hot."

But when the door was opened Spider Pete was not there. He had dug out under the logs an', was gone. It looked to me like some one in our bunch had done it to help him escape. But it wasn't me. The prospect hole had won an' Spider Pete had again escaped the clutches of the law.

It was an ugly job for the Regulators, an' I guess it looked that way to the rest when they came to think of it in broad daylight. That a baker's dozen of us should let the noted bandit walk away from us after we had him safe an' harmless with the hobbles on, would put the whole outfit on the bum with the people.

"Well, it can't be helped now," says Lem, sort of reconciled. "He's probably twenty miles from here by this time, an' maybe into ol' Mexico. Of course, we don't haf to make any report of capturin' him. An' as for the mine, there ain't no reason we can't go an' discover it ourselves. The whole valley may be full of gold, an' under the circumstances, there is no reason we shouldn't profit by it."

The rest fell in with Lem's views, an' the matter was settled. When we got ready to develop the mine we went to work to test the hole Pete had dug, but we only got about eighteen dollars' worth of the yaller stuff. Spider Pete had "salted" the hole, an' played us for suckers an' won. We all felt purty cheap, but we didn't see any way to git rid of the feelin'.

"I might have suspected somethin' like that from Spider Pete," says Lem, "but I didn't expect it from a feller with a rope round his neck. But a crook never gits straight till he's laid out."

We never see Spider Pete after that. But about six months later Lem got a note from him. It was mailed somewhere in Central America, an' this is what he wrote:

Dear Sir:

You an' your bunch had me in a mighty close corner when you was fixin' to hang me. I had to do a lot of thinkin'. I had a little gold dust I got from a passenger on the stage at Blue Pass. It was in my belt an' that's how I come to ast to dig my grave when you was gittin' ready to hang me.

I figgered that a bunch of good citizens who would hang a man without trial would sell out if they got a chanct. The love of money is the root of all evil; an' if everybody that's tryin' to git somethin' fer nothin' was to be hung, they'd have to dig their own graves.

SPIDER PETE.

# THE DICE OF THE GODS

By FRANK VINCENT WADDY

THE notorious gambling-house of Stamford Leigh had long been watched by the police. The inevitable raid occurred late one Saturday night, during a violent thunderstorm. Two patrol wagons drove up to the brownstone house unheralded by clanging gong, appearing in the flooded street as if by magic, and pulling up with startling abruptness. The officers poured out and ran up the steps almost before the machines had churned their way to a standstill at the sidewalk. One of the men peered thru a window and then hammered loudly on the door with his night-stick. For an instant a window blind was pushed aside ever so slightly, and a face appeared, framed in the vertical slit of light from within. The light was at once extinguished.

The leader of the raid gang gave a sign, and the door was promptly battered down. As the police invaded the ground floor, a man—hatless, carrying coat in hand—emerged stealthily from the basement entrance, ran up the steps to the street, fled thru the rain like a terrified rabbit, and reached the corner unobserved by either of the patrol drivers.

While Stamford Leigh wriggled into his coat, Fate—in the guise of a passing taxi—came opportunely to his rescue. In response to his hail the machine skidded its wheels, sending a spurt of muddy water high in the air on both sides, and Leigh, with a furtive backward look at the street corner, leaped aboard, stuffed a reckless amount of paper money into the driver's hand, yelled an address at him, tacked on the syllables: "Drive-likehell!" and collapsed on the cushions.

The chauffeur was game, and the car sped on its way. Once clear of the immediate district, Leigh felt a little safer, and when the machine drew up soon afterwards at the address given, he dismounted with composure, trotted up the steps of the house—telling the driver to wait—and was promptly admitted. When he had disappeared within, the driver extracted from his pocket the bunch of greenbacks, counted them carefully, smoothed them into a neat pile, and replaced them in his pocket, while a pleased expression overspread his face at the pleasant thought of the money.

Almost immediately Leigh reappeared at the house door, accompanied by a lady, and carrying a satchel.

"Get across to New Jersey," he told the driver, "quick as you can—nearest ferry—but don't smash into anything."

The transfer to the Jersey shore was effected without mishap or interference, and the driver was ordered to make for the open country. Untroubled by speculations regarding his passengers—since they seemed willing to pay phenomenal fares—he obeyed instructions.

THUS Stamford Leigh, embarrassed by gambling debts and other obligations, wanted by the police, listed by a dozen collection agencies, and leaving behind him a long record of assorted swindles, departed from the city of New York. He did not know where he was going, nor did he care, so long as he could contrive by some means to hide in obscurity long enough to feel safe from discovery or pursuit.

The woman was his wife, who had warned him innumerable times, of the risk he was running with the gambling resort, and who had long since refused to go near the place herself. Loyally she had stuck to him in spite of his dissolute habits, and now she was sharing his ignominious flight. Huddled into a corner of the car, shivering with cold, and crushed with mortification, she at last voiced her misery:

"Stamford, I'm simply frozen, we must stop and shelter somewhere."

"But we're miles from anywhere," he argued, "and in any case it's too risky."

"No, Stam, you're wrong—look! There's a light in that house, a farm or something. Do tell him to stop, and let's take a chance on rest and food there. Maybe it's a roadhouse."

Leigh halted the car. They appeared to be crossing a desolate stretch of country. Rain was still beating against the windows, and the road was a sea of mud.

"Hope you're enjoying the ride," remarked the driver, "how much further do you want to go?"

"Pull over to that light there," said Leigh, "let's see what it is."

The car approached the square of light, which proved to be a window in a small house, lying some distance back from the road. At his wife's earnest entreaty Leigh stepped out and hammered on the door. After waiting several minutes in the rain, and knocking repeatedly, he was at last admitted, and his admission gave him the shock of his life, for no sooner had he hurriedly stepped inside, and stated his request for shelter, than he was abruptly hustled into a room, and the door locked upon him.

The action occurred with such swiftness that Leigh had barely noticed the features of the man who had opened the door, and the latter had not spoken a word. Surprised beyond measure, and fearing that he had fallen among robbers, he at once tried the window fastenings, with a view to possible escape. He had not been thrust into the lighted room, which was on the opposite side of the entrance, but found himself, on the contrary, fumbling in pitch darkness. While he was thus engaged, the door opened, and Leigh received his second shock of astonishment. The strange man stood, framed in the doorway, holding a lamp in one hand, and by the other the wrist of a terrified and weeping girl. She was of refined appearance, and about 19 years of age. In the narrow passage-way behind the ill-assorted couple stood another man, as rough and forbidding as the first, who now spoke for the first time:

"If you want to get out of here alive, stranger, you'll go now, this minute, and you'll take with you this girl. Do what you like with her, but if you value your life, never come near this place again, either of you! Begone!"

So saying, he delivered the trembling girl into Leigh's keeping, and pointed to the door, which the other man now opened, and thru which Leigh at once departed, with the girl clinging to his arm. They scurried thru the rain to the waiting car, wherein sat Mrs. Leigh, impatient, and puzzled at the long delay. He assisted the girl into the machine, climbed in after her, told the driver to resume the journey, and then related to his wife in few words the mystifying occurrence at the isolated house.

THE storm continued to beat in thru the door and window crevices, and the situation of the travelers was forlorn in the extreme, but there seemed to be nothing to do but to drive on into the night, hoping to reach shelter of some kind before long. The case of the absconding debtor became now more desperate than ever, the care of the girl so strangely forced upon him being added to his already heavy burden.

After a period of silence the girl grew less terrified, upon learning that she was in the hands of people, who, tho strangers, might still be friends; and, on being questioned, she stated that her name was Muriel Sanderson, but volunteered no further information. Respecting her evident wish to be spared from inquiry regarding herself, the Leighs forbore to question her. She stated simply that she had no home to which they could take her, and would therefore be deeply grateful if she might remain with them.

The machine labored on in the darkness, churn-

ing its way thru mud and slush for several hours, until finally dawn approached. The two women were faint with hunger, cold and lack of sleep; Leigh's endurance was at an end; the driver announced that the supply of gas was running low, and not one of the four people had any idea of their whereabouts. Having purposely skirted towns rather than pass thru them, owing to Leigh's fear of arrest or recognition, they had pursued a maze of by-roads trending generally westward, but with no definite destination. From the distance covered, it was presumed that they must be somewhere in the State of Pennsylvania, but the exact locality remained until daylight to be determined.

When the surrounding country became discernible in the gray light, it was perceived to be a wooded district, with no sign of human habitation apparent in any direction. The storm abated soon after sunrise, and the driver, who was on the look-out for a building of any kind, announced that he had caught sight of a large house, not far from the road. It was decided to digress and investigate. The building proved to be an old colonial mansion, an immense structure, with rambling wings and annexes, but fallen sadly to decay and surrounded by a tangled growth of tall weeds. It appeared to have been untenanted for many years, and while now in a state of ruinous dilapidation, it had evidently been formerly the residence of a wealthy family, for there was every indication of taste and distinction in the style and dimensions of the edifice, which was almost entirely of stone.

Even this deserted and uninviting structure was voted to be preferable to the open country or the rain-soaked woods, so the travelers decided to take refuge temporarily within its mouldering walls. Exploration of the the interior disclosed the fact that at least one set of apartments was in a fair state of repair, so it was agreed upon to occupy them forthwith, dry their clothes by means of a fire, and then discuss what to do next.

The most urgent need was food, and then rest. Stamford Leigh dared not show his face in any city or town as long as he was sought by the police, since he knew that the publicity of arrest would bring down upon his head the vengeance of a dozen or more enemies and creditors whom he had long eluded. He had sown enough trouble to land him in jail for a lifetime, and his only hope now was to lie low until the news of the raid had blown over, and the search for him relaxed.

HE COGITATED upon his unenviable plight, while smashing up an old crate and kindling a fire in the great stone hearth of one of the rooms in the mansion. The two women drew near to the gratifying warmth, and Leigh meanwhile took the driver aside to discuss the situation with him. The man had thrown off his rubber coat and was studying a road map.

"Looks to me as if we're pretty close to Burneville," volunteered the chauffeur. "Guess I can make it that far, for some gas—but how about you birds? Figurin' on a long picnic, huh?"

Leigh's munificent advance payment of the night before amply ensured the man's help, so he resolved to give him full confidence.

"See here," he began, "I made a getaway from a bad scrape last night, with your help—was running a little game, police called—had to beat it—grabbed a mass of the bank and escaped in the nick of time. Wife's a dead game sport, so are you. Now, I'll need you some more, yet. Got landed with this girl at that lonely dump—who the blazes she is I don't know—doesn't seem to know herself—but I'll have to take care of her for a day or two, maybe, so——"

The driver smiled.

"I'm wise, boss, I'm wise. Once ran a little place myself. I'll never squeak. Say—know what you gave me last night?"

"No, never counted it. Enough to buy the car, perhaps."

"Pretty near, boss, but she ain't for sale. I got to get back to the city, but I'll stick around here today to help you birds out of this mess. Now, I'll not hang on to all this bunch of kale—guess you was rattled when you give it to me—double mileage, night work, gas and tires is worth this I guess"—he divided the pile of bills—"you freeze on to this, and I'll venture to say it'll be all right with me."

Leigh accepted the partial refund with avidity.

"All right," he agreed, "because I've got to take care of two women. Here, take this, and for the love of Pete scare up some village store and get grub for us all. Fill up with gas, and beat it back here as soon as you can."

He handed the man money for provisions, and again urged dispatch, consistently with caution.

Returning to his wife and the strange girl, Leigh found them both overcome by drowsiness, and lying side by side on a broken sofa, close to the fire. He thawed himself out at the agreeable blaze and then likewise lapsed into sleep, from which he was awakened abruptly about an hour later by the return of Robert Bray, the driver.

"I was right," said the latter, as he showed Leigh a point on his map, "Burneville is about six miles south. I went there and got the stuff. Help me bring it in, will you?"

Together they dragged in the boxes of groceries and other necessaries purchased by Bray, and inside of half an hour the four people improvised a scratch meal, after which Leigh took a further survey of the premises.

Tho regarded at first merely as a temporary refuge, for perhaps a few hours, the old mansion was found to be habitable, so Leigh conceived the idea of hiding therein until he considered it safe to emerge, and again show his face near the haunts of men. The place seemed to be buried in the woods, remote from towns and highways, and for that reason offered a safe asylum. Mrs. Leigh, then, as always, willing to share her husband's risks, agreed to endure discomfort and privation for a time, and the girl, Muriel Sanderson, had no choice but to fall in with the arrangement.

THE mysterious girl was, in fact, the chief difficulty. They could ill afford to protect and support a total stranger, with no claim of any kind upon them, but still less could they thrust her out friendless into the world. She persisted that no information she could give would be of the slightest

"Do What You Like With Her."

help in regard to herself, so there was no course but for her to remain with the Leighs until their own circumstances should improve. Totally unaware of the incident that had necessitated Leigh's flight from New York, and not realizing his perilous situation, Muriel entreated his succor and protection, promised explanation and recompense later, entirely won Mrs. Leigh's sympathy with her appeal, and, tho, mortified with humiliation at the thought of her dependence, offered profuse and reiterated thanks for their joint kindness.

After patching up a few doors and windows, the place became tolerably habitable. With a few hours' work, and the aid of Bray's tool kit, two of the rooms were fit to camp in. Bray procured a further supply of immediate necessities and simple appliances from Burneville, and Leigh inwardly resolved to avail himself for as long a period as possible of the security that the old place offered.

As for the driver, he seemed in no hurry to terminate his adventure for a few days, having been amply rewarded for his time and services, and, being the only link between the absconding gambler and civilization, he felt a gratifying sense of importance, as well as an interest in the novel scheme for hiding attempted by Leigh, to say nothing of the added mystery of the strange girl. It was, therefore, a matter of small difficulty for Leigh to persuade him to remain for a few days until some plan of action should be arranged.

The peculiar household camped in the old mansion for close upon two weeks without event. Bray continued to make cautious trips to the village whenever unavoidable, and succeeded in leaving and approaching the place unobserved. His machine he always left behind the house, when not in use. Passers-by were scarce, and as the mansion lay some distance back from the road, the likelihood of molestation seemed small. The only source of anxiety to Leigh was the consideration of his rapidly dwindling funds. The support of four people and the purchase of necessities was quickly exhausting his slender resources, but he was still so apprehensive of arrest and imprisonment that he dared not return to the city to obtain more money.

After about a fortnight's confinement in the house, Leigh became increasingly restless. He grew irritable and moody, seemed disinclined to discuss the situation with his wife, wandered out into the woods after dark only, and spent much of his time in gloomy reflection. Known to the police in a dozen cities, and far too conspicuous a character to risk sojourning in a small town, his only course seemed to be to remain in obscurity. But how remain so without money?—that was the problem. He must replenish his pocket.

One morning, to the surprise of his wife, he announced that he was going to take a walk out in the forest for a while in broad daylight, risk or no risk, by way of relief from continued imprisonment in the house except at night. He was gone for several hours, and returned to the mansion with a haggard and disheveled look which greatly puzzled the rest of the family, but which he ascribed to fatigue thru being unused to walking, and desired not to discuss. Tho convinced that some strange thing had happened, the others would soon have forgotten the circumstance, but for an alarming event that took place shortly afterwards.

## CHAPTER II.

STAMFORD LEIGH sat gazing into the fire, Muriel was busy with a needle and thread, and Mrs. Leigh was clearing away the wreckage of a frugal lunch from the improvised table, when, entirely without warning, a number of horsemen came galloping up to the mansion. The party consisted of a distinguished-looking and well-dressed gentleman in the uniform of an Army officer, evidently a wealthy landowner, and his friends or attendants. Leigh's first impulse, upon observing the cavalcade was to conceal himself in some garret or cellar, but realizing the folly of leaving the others to face the situation alone, he resolved to brave it out. His face was filled with fright and horror as he peered thru the window—tho for what reason his wife was unable to guess—and his consternation increased when the leader of the group dismounted, entered the house unannounced, with the utmost coolness, and, upon catching sight of Leigh, regarded him steadily with a look of blank astonishment, mingled with triumph, hatred, and conscious power.

Enigmatic glances were exchanged between Leigh and his wife, and between the visitors themselves. After a few moments of strained silence, the intruder spoke:

"I am Col. Morgan Riverdale. May I ask what you people are doing in this house?"

Stamford Leigh, looking pale and terrified, re-

solved on bluff, answered very feebly:

"We've rented it."

"Oh, indeed? From whom?" came the reply.

"Why do you ask?" temporized Leigh.

"Because I happen to own it!" answered Riverdale indignantly.

Leigh collapsed on to a soap box.

During this colloquy the two women had stood aside, suffering agonies of embarrassment, both on Leigh's behalf and their own. Riverdale now turned and faced them. At the same moment Bray walked in to join the group, and Riverdale's equestrian party also entered, to share the excitement, whatever it might be.

An explanation of the situation was quickly made. Mr. Riverdale showed marked resentment at the intrusion, but refrained from any verbal expression of it when he learned that Leigh, for the sake of the two women—as he represented it—had taken temporary refuge in the unoccupied house. Moreover, upon the instant that the new-comer's eyes rested upon the form and face of Muriel Sanderson, his manner abruptly changed, and he at once made haste to excuse the action of Leigh in taking up his abode in the house, and he further placed them all at ease by inviting them cordially to remain there as long as they wished to do so.

The sudden alteration of Riverdale's manner, as he realized the singular beauty of beauty of Muriel, was too striking to escape the notice of any one present, and it was so painfully obvious to the girl herself that she suffered great confusion under his intense scrutiny. Mrs. Leigh, on her part, was lost in wonder as to what strange circumstance might account for the extraordinary demeanor of Riverdale toward her husband when the two men first confronted one another. It was evident to her that they had met somewhere before, but when, or under what conditions she was at a loss to determine.

RIVERDALE, meanwhile, continued to regard Muriel with looks betraying far more than passing interest, which she, however, returned with evident signs of resentment and aversion. Leigh remained seated on the soap box, in an attitude of utter dejection, while the equestrians began to wander to and fro thru the rooms, chatting together and inspecting the architecture of the old house.

"Your daughter, I presume."

The voice of Riverdale broke in upon the gloomy reflections of Stamford Leigh, who looked up at the speaker for a moment as he indicated Muriel with a wave of his hand. The girl herself disregarded the question, and persistently plied her needle and thread, leaving Leigh to account for her presence as best he might.

"No," said Leigh, "she is a cousin of my wife's, who was staying with us when we left New York, and decided to come along."

Riverdale instantly turned to Mrs. Leigh for confirmation or denial of her husband's statement. He addressed no word to her, but his interrogative look was unmistakable. Realizing, as her husband had done, that disclaiming relationship with the girl might have the effect of placing her, helpless, in the hands of this powerful stranger, she had no choice but to corroborate the lie.

"Yes," she nodded, "my cousin, Miss Lowther."

Riverdale performed an exaggerated bow to Muriel, which she acknowledged coldly, and then resumed her sewing.

Feeling that conversation was rather difficult, Riverdale excused himself and joined his friends on their tour of the old mansion. The lure of the "mystery girl," however, proved irresistible, and he very soon returned, bringing the others with him. As they poured into the room, he used their presence as a convenient lever, as it were, wherewith to compel attention from Muriel.

"These are my friends, Miss Lowther. I should like to present them—Captain Darlington, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Thwaites, and Mr. Corcoran."

Muriel acknowledge the introduction with a comprehensive bow to the four gentlemen. Riverdale looked at his watch.

"We may as well have our luncheon here, boys. I am sure Mrs. Leigh will let us use her table? You have already taken lunch, I believe—or will you join us? My groom has the picnic things outside. I will have him bring them in."

Stamford Leigh and his wife at once busied themselves with clearing the plank table for Riverdale and his friends. What every one failed to notice was that Muriel, while showing marked distaste for Riverdale and his attentions, had, from the moment of introduction betrayed an entirely different attitude toward one of his guests—the handsome young Captain Darlington, whose intense gaze of respectful admiration had arrested her attention in the midst of her bow of acknowledgment, and had been riveted upon her ever since. She at once joined the diligent preparations for the picnic luncheon, tho her attempts at helping Mrs. Leigh were confused and absent-minded, for the very good reason that she had just felt certain strong emotions aroused in her for the first time in her life. Darlington made a valiant effort to appear unconcerned, wandered over to the window, whistled a foolish little tune with an air of exaggerated composure, lighted a cigarette, threw it in the fire, lighted another one, uttered a few banalities about the weather, the house and the scenery—and then gave up the attempt to appear so much at ease.

**Riverdale Glared Ominously at His Young Guest.**

The marvel of marvels—had he known it at that time—was that his ardent feeling found full and complete response in the downcast eyes and blushing cheeks of "Miss Lowther."

"This place formerly belonged to a branch of my family now extinct."

The unwelcome voice of Morgan Riverdale cut into their exchange of commonplaces, as the guests gathered about the extemporized table, but the intense mutual interest of the young couple remained still unobserved by the others.

The groom brought in two saddle-bags of provisions—sandwiches, cold chicken, stuffed olives and other delicacies made their appearance, and the guests at once attacked them with avidity. Morgan Riverdale went on to explain to Muriel (who did not join the luncheon party at the table, but sat apart) that he resided at a villa some distance away thru the woods, and that he had conceived the idea of riding past the deserted mansion with his friends, on their way back to the villa, where he was giving a house party. Happening to notice smoke ascending from a chimney, he had digressed, and entered the place in order to explain the circumstance. He further remarked that the place had been untenanted for many years, and that he himself had not cared to occupy it on account of its lonely and remote situation.

Tho not attempting to analyze her feelings, Muriel was irresistibly attracted to Maurice Darlington, and while modesty forbade any seeming encouragement of his advances, she did not on the other hand repel them, and a mutually reverent love had its birth in the heart of each for the other at the moment their eyes first met. At the same time she read instinctively the meaning of Morgan Riverdale's lascivious glances, which caused her grave apprehension as she reflected upon her position of helpless dependence on the Leighs, who in their turn were really the guests of this sinister stranger.

Her mediations were cut short by the break-up of the luncheon party, Riverdale rising and suggesting—to her intense relief—that they resume their ride. The three other men, Stewart, Thwaites and Corcoran, bade good-day and went out to their horses. Riverdale and Darlington lingered until the last, the former extending his hand to Muriel, and the young officer politely bowing to her, as they moved to leave. With unaccountable reluctance she accepted the intrusively familiar salute of the older man, but without looking at him, whereas Darlington's quiet courtesy won from her a friendly smile and a frank "Good-by!"

This distinction, tho quite unintentional on her part, was not lost upon Riverdale, who glared ominously at his young guest for a long moment, appeared to be about to make some remark, checked himself, and then strode out of the room, followed by Maurice. The latter turned, at the door, for a last look. Muriel, feeling strangely discomposed, took up again with trembling hands the piece of sewing. Glancing toward the door once more for an instant, her eyes met his, and then immediately resumed apparent attention to the needlework.

THE riders mounted, and trotted off toward Riverdale's villa. The moment they had departed, Leigh, who watched them thru the broken window, with a look of despondent gloom, turned to his wife, who at once questioned him closely:

"Stam, for heaven's sake, what does this mean? That man has 'got something on you'—what is it? Where did you meet before? Tell me all about it."

"'Twouldn't do a bit of good, Laura, and might do a lot of harm. Best not discuss it. Trouble is, he is sure to come again. His place is only a few miles away. Still—he gave us leave to stick here as long as we want, and to run away now might only——"

He ended lamely.

"You mean," resumed his wife, "that you've simply got to stay—that you're in his clutches, and that if you do run away he could expose you anyhow. That's about the size of it."

"Well," he agreed, "there are reasons which make it difficult for me to move now without risk of serious trouble, tho I would chance that, but for the sake of you and Miss Sanderson."

He glanced at Muriel as he spoke the words, and discovered that she was quietly crying. Thru her tears she said softly:

"I am mortified beyond measure at the trouble I have caused you two dear people, and I would relieve you of the burden at once if I were able, but as I have told you, I have no home, no friends except yourselves—unlikely as it may sound—rather than return to the place where you found me I would destroy myself."

This was the longest speech she had made since the stormy night when they had first so strangely met. Tho still puzzled at the unaccountable circumstances attending their first meeting, Leigh and his wife, on account of their own troubles, had almost ceased to speculate further upon the mystery of the refined and attractive girl who had been literally and bodily thrown away, forcibly ejected from an isolated house in the midst of a thunderstorm, by two ruffians.

**What is the mystery surrounding the beautiful girl who calls herself Muriel Sanderson, but seems unwilling to state anything further about herself? Why were the two rough men so eager to be rid of her? Surely, this will all be explained in time, possibly in the next installment of the story.**

# HELEN'S BROKEN HEART

THE lemon-colored moon came out from behind a filmy bit of vapor, winked at the porch where a sweet young thing sat clutching the sleeve of an athletic young man, and disappeared behind another cloud.

"Bill," the sweet young things was saying in a tense voice, holding the young man's arm with a firm thumb and four fingers oozing drama. "Bill, I put mother up to calling Helen into the house on purpose to let me talk to you. I'm in terrible trouble, Bill."

"Eileen," the young man responded in dramatic tones, "don't tell me you wore your new bathing suit in the water and spoiled the color of it!"

"Oh, Bill," protested the sweet young thing. "Please, you simply must be sympathetic! This is something really serious! It's not a joke! It's just spoiling three people's lives! I've been distracted all this week and have been nearly crazy with the strain of keeping it to myself. And with dear old Helen suffering so!"

"For mercy's sake," said the distracted young man, "has anything serious happened to your sister Helen, or is this just one of your wild flights of fancy?"

"Wild flights of fancy?" echoed the girl. "I have the proof of this right down on paper. It's the most serious thing that has ever happened. My life is in ruins, and Helen is simply dying of grief, and to think that I am the one who is killing her!"

"Killing her!" shouted the young man. "Would you mind pausing long enough to tell me what you mean?"

"It's not exaggerated," said the sweet young thing, a sob creeping into her tones. "Bobbie is going to commit suicide, and Helen——"

"Why on earth should that young infant Bob be moved to destroy himself?"

"Why, Bill, he's 19, and that's older than Shelley was when he was married, and I'm sure Bobbie is going to be a much greater poet. And Helen doesn't think he's an infant."

She leaned forward impressively.

"You know I've discovered that Bobbie is desperately in love with me. You know he's been coming to see us an awful lot lately and we didn't know whether it was Helen or me that he liked. But Helen is 22, you know. And that practically, well, it's just about an old maid.

"It will just spoil her whole life because at her age she will never love again. But I've made up my mind to be noble. You see Bobbie dropped a poem out of his pocket, and it proved beyond a doubt that he really was desperately in love with me. This is it. You may read it."

The young man took a crumpled piece of paper and examined it by the light of an electric torch. On it was written:

"Eileen wilt thou my comfort be?
For, oh, Eileen, I lean on thee.
Eileen, Eileen, I lean on thee,
I lean on thee, Eileen."

"Isn't it the most touching thing?" sighed the sweet young thing.

"I took it and showed it to Helen, never dreaming that she cared for Bobbie herself, on account of his being younger than she is. But he is so old for his age that she just simply couldn't help loving him, I guess. When I showed her the poem, it was too much for her self-control. She broke down and put her head on the table. Her shoulders absolutely shook. You can imagine how I felt.

"I made up my mind to be noble. I wanted to show that Bobbie's faith in me was warranted. And so I just gave him up. I have refused to see him all week and my heart is broken. The poor boy is simply desperate, I am sure. I expect to hear any moment that he has committed suicide."

"Here comes Helen now," said the young man. "She has been gone an age. And by the way, Eileen, old dear, you can just put your mind at rest about Helen. She's promised to marry me. I'm going to run and meet her——"

"Well!" gasped the sweet young thing to herself. "And Helen never told me! Well, she's probably marrying him just to console herself because she can't have Bobbie. It just serves that conceited old Bill right."

# The Rubaiyat Of 1920

## By Howard Philip Rhoades

PARTLY because of a resentful feeling which spread over sections of the Blue Grass land with the coming of prohibition, partly because of a traditional distrust of governmental regulation of the whisky traffic, Fairdale had become suspicious of Talbott Parker.

When Parker first registered at the old four-story frame hotel, operated by Col. Omar Summerville, little attention was paid to him. He was just an excellently dressed, pleasing young man from New York who had dropped into this little town of the banks of the Pembroke River for no especial reason.

Fairdale was too much concerned with the fate of the Pembroke Distilling Company's plant, which lay there deserted and still below town, to pay attention to any one. The distillery was the town's one industry—and it was paralyzed. So nobody considered Parker—until Jed Harges' discovery. This appeared to link Parker mysteriously with the forces which had brought the community face to face with ruin. Whereupon Fairdale became intensely and suspiciously interested.

Driving late one night, Jed Harges saw Talbott Parker being let out of the distillery company's inclosure by a Government guard. Jed passed Parker and offered him a ride. The Easterner made an excuse, and went the other way, seeming displeased that he had been discovered.

Jed was editor of the Fairdale Sentinel, and a young man who kept little to himself. So the circle to which he imparted his suspicion was a large one, and so great was the general uncertainty that the unfavorable construction which Harges placed on the incident was universally accepted.

Among others Harges spoke to Col. Omar Summerville, proprietor of the hotel. Colonel Summerville was attentive, but not inclined to be drastic. Talbott Parker was his star boarder. Furthermore, the Colonel was chiefly concerned with his disappearing supply of rare old stock, which he shared with a few friends, sending along as a chaser the dolorous admonition the sentiment: "Drink while you may. 'Taint with us for long!"

But Colonel Summerville had to pay attention when Jed made his next discovery. Talbott Parker had lost on the street a telegram which he was on his way to send: it had read as follows:

"J. V. Graves, Department of Justice,
"Washington:

"Working on man suggested. Other things same. PARKER."

"Now you know what he is," exclaimed Harges to Colonel Summerville. "A two-by-four detective down here to rub it in."

"I've been holding off, Jed," said the Colonel, his blue eyes firing and his fingers twitching nervously in his long, white mustache. "But I'll have to speak to him now."

However, first he talked it over with Milton Gray, the leading real estate man, his closest crony. Gray defended Parker, and advised against a denunciation.

"I've talked to him," said Gray, "And he don't appear like anybody's spy. I reckon we ought to know fust, Omar."

"Mebbe. I'll watch out. Meanwhile, come in the back office, Milt. Let's have a finger while we can!"

In time the course of suspicion reached Corey Lawless. She was the curious little waitress at the hotel, who until this time had known Parker as the champion tipper of her career. But now with what trembling and awe did she wait upon him! Her brown eyes widened, her step quickened, she dared her mother's wrath and wore daily her Sunday pink lawn dress in his honor.

Corey it was who broke the ice between him and Miss Forbes, the stenographer in the office of Mr. Gray, the real estate man. Parker had wished to talk more to Miss Forbes in her office, but somehow the general restraint which he sensed everywhere had forbidden. Now, as on a Saturday evening, as Miss Forbes entered the hotel dining-room looking for a place, he arose, and, with a bow, offered her the chair opposite.

"It's crowded tonight," she said, as she accepted.

"Unusually so. Have you been taking your meals here regularly?"

"No, but I shall be from tonight. I'm at the hotel now, for Mrs. Harris is moving to Louisville and I've been unable to get another place."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Mr. Gray says one-fourth of the people already have moved away, and another fourth will go in the next six months."

They were interrupted by Corey, who bore a large plate of hot biscuits and a dish of preserves. The discovery of Parker in conversation with Miss Forbes seemed to have a definite emotional reaction on her. She was moved by a desire to prove a curious ownership which existed in her own mind.

"What are you having this evening, Mr. Parker, chicken or ham?" she asked, leaning down.

When she served them both with chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, she lingered by, watching. Something was on her mind which at last got out.

"Mr. Parker," she said. "Did you ever hear that story where the waiter brings in the soup, and the man says, 'You got your finger in my soup'—ever hear that one?"

"No," smiled Parker. "What is it, Corey?"

"Well, the man says, 'You got your finger in my soup, waiter,' and the waiter says, 'That's all right. It ain't hot.' Tee-hee. I wouldn't put my finger in your soup. No, sir, Mr. Parker. Tee-hee! I might leave fingerprints."

Parker laughed heartily. Then he noticed Miss Forbes was flushed. Somehow the thought that she was embarrassed for his sake added zest.

"Mr. Parker," ventured Corey again, bashfully swinging her arm. "I heard there was a new movie out about Sherlock Holmes. Did you see it? Gee, I'd like to. Tee-hee! I just love detectifs."

Miss Forbes was looking at her plate, charmingly pink of cheek. "I'm interested in detectives, too," said Parker, eyes twinkling as he looked straight at the buxom waitress. Do you know any?"

It was a solar plexis blow. Corey wheeled, panic-stricken, stammering. "What dessert, Mr. Parker. Raspberry pie—ice cream?"

"Later, Corey," laughed Parker as the stocky little waitress disappeared, red and gasping.

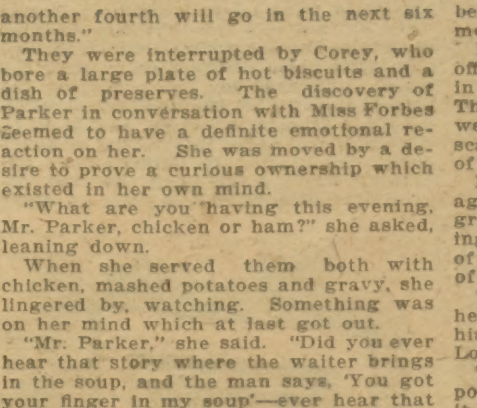
Miss Forbes looked up and found Parker smiling at her. "Corey's a good sport," he said, "and one of the few around here who take much stock in me."

A shade of regret may have shown thru his whimsical smile. At any rate something led her to say, "You mustn't put Mr. Gray and—me with the majority."

"True," he answered. "Mr. Gray and you have been very kind. I saw you sit all last Sunday afternoon on the porch of your boarding-house. And I walked alone. Why not a walk together tomorrow afternoon?"

Miss Forbes' blue eyes brightened and the smile which Parker more than once had felt, as she looked up from her work in Mr. Gray's office, was not present often enough, appeared. It was a smile which made her hair more golden, deepened the pink in her cheeks and brought into her delicately molded features a suggestion of happiness for which she seemed to long.

"I should be glad to go," she said.



SUCH was the meeting which led up to their departure from the hotel on the afternoon of the following day, which was Sunday. She was in a soft, summer frock of green organdie, and he in a Palm Beach outfit which set off his tall figure splendidly. Under his arm he carried a mysterious package.

"I like to think of a place as it might grow to be," he said, as he led the way southward, which was up the Pembroke River. "If Fairdale should grow it would grow up-stream, as all places do, and wouldn't it have fine country to grow into?"

It would, indeed. Before them was a broad, green river valley, rising gently toward the faint mountain line in the far background. On one side were the foothills sloping sharply into the greater heights, whose heads were covered with waving corn and graceful woods bowing before the gentle breeze of the hot summer's afternoon.

Here they crossed the tracks leading off to the distillery—tracks grown rusty in a spring and summer of idleness. There they crossed the wagon bridge and went on where the road wound thru a scattering of oaks set against the base of the foothills.

Now they mounted, their faces set against the giant hills beyond, walking gradually more slowly and with a growing weariness. Climbing even the young of mountains, which cling to the skirts of the mother, is no easy-chair game

"There should be a trolley up thru here," puffed Parker, stopping to wipe his brow. "And there will be some time. Look how Fairdale lies!"

Thru an opening in the trees he pointed down at the little town. There it lay spread out, its gables and chimneys peeping thru the verdure, so lifeless and quiet that one seemed to feel the spell upon it.

"Sometime when things go right again for Fairdale," he said, "a suburb will be laid out up here. Every town must have its choice hill suburb. And how would these few acres be for the choicest building site? A traction would run up hill, over the plateau, and down thru the gap to Chester."

She smiled indulgently. "Poor old Fairdale," she said. "I'm afraid its future is more like plowing up Main street to raise potatoes."

"You're right," he admitted. "Even a leading use they made of such places as this in the old days is gone. Often I've seen a picture of this very valley in a saloon window, and it always looked better than the Pembrooke product tasted—at least next morning."

"Maybe there's still something which would picture the valley."

"I'm afraid not," he said. "Femininity is beating landscapes out in the ads these days. It's likely one of the valley's inhabitants would win out in a race for model."

He looked at her in such a way that her eyes dropped. "Let's rest here," he suggested, "while we determine Fairdale's future. Here's something especially recommended for mountain climbers."

His mysterious package proved to contain dark, creamy chocolates. "These are lovely," she said, delighted. Then, looking at the label: "You didn't get them in Fairdale."

"No," he confessed. "I wired last night and they came down from Cincinnati on the morning train."

"Cincinnati," she mused, as they both nibbled chocolates, "I'll be going up that way soon, perhaps."

"You're leaving for good?"

"Mr. Gray's work won't justify keeping me after the first of the month. After my mother died last year at our home in Lawson, down the valley, I came here to live with my aunt. She had her husband have moved to Chicago, and as things are so dead here, I may follow."

"Will you be sorry to leave?"

"Yes—and no. I was brought up in Lawson, so this valley has been my home. It's pretty dear to me. Yet I've never been anywhere except to Cincinnati and Louisville, and I've heard so much of the North and East."

"'Oh, the brave music of a distant drum'!" he quoted. Then smiling at her inquiring face he continued: "Evenings lately I've been sitting alone on the porch of Colonel Summerville's hotel, chuckling as I repeated the Rubaiyat. The idea of finding in modern commercial America a man named Omar whose philosophy is that of the old Persian poet—especially one who believes in drinking while he may—seems to me a scream. Do you know it—the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, I mean?"

"The Rubaiyat——" she began.

"Yes, there's a verse applicable to almost every thing. For instance:

"'Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
A flask of wine, a book of verse—and thou,
Beside me singing in the wilderness,
And wilderness is paradise enow.'"

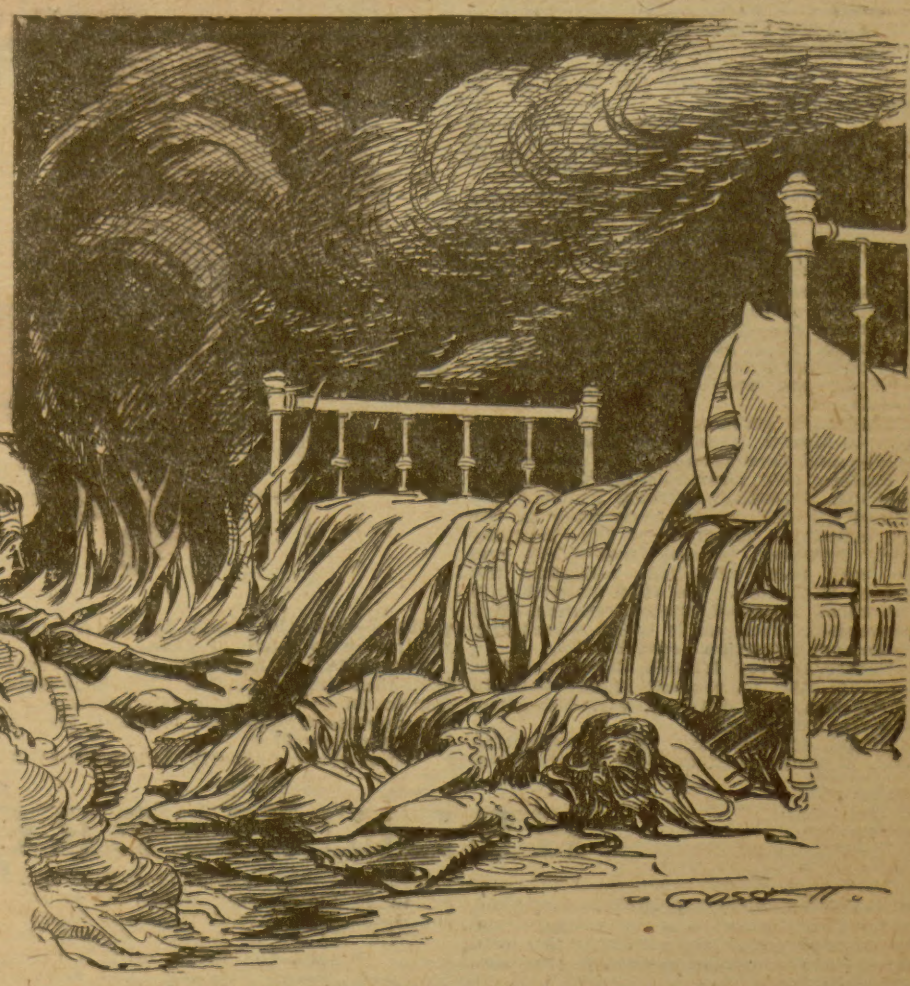
"Oh," she said, recognizing the lines. "We started to read that in our literary club. Then Miss Smithers—she was our adviser—stopped us. I'm sorry, too. But, you see, she was the head of the W. C. T. U."

"Literature from now on will please her better," he said. "But, you know, Omar didn't really mean liquor. He spoke figuratively. Yet, the literal meaning always has been so strong, I'm tempted every day to prance up to old Omar Summerville and say, 'Come, fill the cup'!"

"Mr. Gray says Omar's supply is getting so low he won't even fill a whisky glass any more," she answered.

"Do you know," he said, "It's like reincarnation. "Omar of an old Persian rose garden becomes Omar of the Kentucky blue grass. If I weren't old enough to have outgrown the paganism of Omar I'd be for writing a new Rubaiyat—one of 1920. But I'm old—so old I'll catch my death here on the damp ground if we don't explore further."

He gave her a hand as she rose. Then they crossed the beautiful plateau and followed the river north to a footbridge. As the sun sank beyond the blue grass they came back into Fairdale.



A Choking White Figure Was Beside the Bed.

COREY'S service at their table that night was one of wistful silence. She spoke only of soup, roast and dessert—never once of detectives. In her eyes as she looked at Parker was an expression of deep tho gentle reproach.

But her reproach was gentle, indeed, beside the looks of others as Miss Forbes walked from the dining-room followed by Parker. In the center of one of the groups which looked with no friendliness was Jed Harges, who always

(Continued on Page 21.)

# The Devil's Own

(Continued From Page 3)

to draw away, but her eyes were upon my face, as tho seeking to read the meaning of my sudden action.

"We can talk better here," I explained. "The engine makes so much noise."

"Yes; and—and somehow I—I feel more like trusting you when I am able to see your face," she admitted frankly. "I am actually afraid to be alone."

"I have felt this was true from the first. Indeed, I seriously wonder at the trust you have reposed in me—a total stranger."

"But—how could I help it? Have I been unwomanly? I think I scarcely know what I have done. I could very easily have told what was right in the old days; but—but surely you understand—this was not to be decided by those rules. I was no longer free. Do you mean that you blame me for what has been done?"

"Far from it. You have acted in the only way possible. To me you are a wonderfully brave woman. I doubt if one in a thousand could have faced the situation as well."

"Oh, I can hardly feel I have been that. It seems to me I have shown myself strangely weak—permitting you to do exactly as you pleased with me. Yet you do not understand; it has not been wholly my own peril which caused me to surrender so easily."

"But I think I do understand—it was partly a sacrifice for others."

"In a way, yes, it was; but I cannot explain more fully, even to you, now. Yet suppose I make this sacrifice, and it fails; suppose after all they should fall into the hands of these men?"

"I will not believe that," I protested, stoutly. "I feel convinced they had warning—there is no other way in which to account for their disappearance, their failure to return to the house. They must have encountered Pete and gone away with him."

"If I only knew that."

"Perhaps we can assure ourselves; we can go ashore at his place up the river, and if his boat is gone, there will be no longer any doubt. In any case, it is clearly your duty to save yourself."

"Do you really think so? It has seemed to me cowardly to run away."

"But, Rene," I urged. "They were the ones who deserted first. If they had warning of danger, they fled without a word to you—leaving you alone in the hands of those men."

"They—they, perhaps they failed to realize my peril. Oh, you cannot see this as I do," she faltered, endeavoring to conjure up some excuse. "They may have thought they could serve me best in that way."

I laughed, but not in any spirit of humor.

"Hardly that, I imagine. Far more likely they fled suddenly in a panic of fear, without pausing to think at all. Why, you were the very one whose danger was the greatest; you were the one plunged into slavery."

"Yes—yes; I had forgotten that. Never for a moment does it seem real to me. I have to keep saying over and over again to myself, 'I am a negro and a slave.'"

"And so do I," I confessed unthinkingly. "And even then, when I remember you as I first saw you in that lighted room back yonder, it is unbelievable."

HER eyes fell from my face, her head drooping, as she stared over the rail at the sullen rush of black water alongside. She remained silent and motionless for so long that I felt impelled to speak again, yet before I could decide what to say, her voice addressed me, altho with face averted.

"Yes, it is indeed most difficult—for both of us," she acknowledged, slowly. "We are in an extremely embarrassing position. You must not think I fail to realize this. It would be comparatively easy for me to choose my course but for that. I do not know why you serve me thus—risking your very life and your professional future—but neither of us must forget, not for a moment, that I am only a runaway slave. I can only consent to go with you, Lieutenant Knox, if you promise me this."

I hesitated to make the pledge, to put it into binding words, my lips pressed together, my hands clinched. Feeling the rebuke of my silence, she turned her head once more, and her questioning eyes again sought my face in the star-gleam.

"You must promise me," she insisted, firmly, altho her sensitive lips trembled as she gave utterance to the shameful words. "I am nothing else. I am no white woman of your own race and class appealing for protection. I cannot ask of you the courtesy a gentleman naturally gives; I can only beg your mercy. I am a negress—you must not forget, and you must not let me forget. If you will give me your word I shall trust you, fully, completely. But it must be given. There is no other way by which I can accept your protection; there can be no equality between us—only an impassable barrier of race."

"But I do not see this from the same viewpoint as do you of the South."

"Oh yes, you do. The viewpoint is not so dissimilar; not in the same degree, perhaps, but no less truly. You believe in my right of freedom; you will even fight for that right, but at the same time you realize as I do, that the one drop of black blood in my veins is a bar sinister, now and forever. It cannot be overcome; it must not be forgotten. You will pledge me this?"

"Yes—I pledge you."

"And, in spite of that drop of black blood, as long as we are together, you will hold me a woman, worthy of respect and honor? Not a creature, a chattel, a plaything?"

"Will you accept my hand?"

"Yes."

"Then I will answer you, Rene Beaucaire," I said, soberly, "with all frankness, black or white, I am your friend, and never, thru any word or act of mine, shall you ever regret that friendship."

Her wide-open eyes gazed straight at me. It seemed as if she would never speak. Then I felt the tightening pressure of her hand, and her head bent slowly forward as tho in the instinct of prayer.

"Thank God!" she whispered softly. "Now I can go with you."

I waited breathless, conscious of the trembling of her body against mine. Once again the bowed head was lifted, and this time a sparkle of unshed tears were visible in the shadowed eyes.

"You have not yet explained to me what we were to do? Your plans for tomorrow?"

"Because I scarcely have any," I replied, comprehending that now she claimed partnership in this adventure. "This has all occurred so suddenly, I have only acted upon impulse. No doubt those back at the Landing will endeavor to pursue us; they may have discovered already our means of escape and procured boats. My principal hope is that they may take it for granted that we have chosen the easier way and gone down stream. If so we shall gain so much more time to get beyond their reach. Anyway, we can easily out-distance any rowboat, and Sam tells me there is nothing else to be had at the Landing."

"But why have you chosen the northern route? Surely you had a reason?"

"Certainly; it was to deceive them and get out of slave territory as quickly as possible. There are friends in this direction, and none in the other. If we should endeavor to flee by way of the Ohio, we would be compelled to run a thousand-mile gauntlet. There are slaves in Illinois—it has never been declared a free State—but these are held almost exclusively in the more southern counties. North of the river the settlers are largely from New England, and the majority of them hate slavery and are ready to assist any runaway to freedom."

"But you have spoken of a man—Amos Shrunk—who is he?"

"You have certainly heard rumors, at least, that there are regular routes of escape from here to Canada?"

"Yes; it has been discussed at the house. I have never clearly understood, but I do know that slaves disappear and are never caught. I was told white men helped them."

"It is accomplished thru organized effort by these men—Black Abolitionists, as they are called—haters of slavery. They are banded together in a secret society for this one purpose and have what they call stations scattered all along at a certain distance apart—a night's travel—from the Mississippi to the Canadian line, where the fugitives are hidden and fed. The runaways are passed from one station to the next under cover of darkness, and are seldom recaptured. A station keeper, I am told, is only permitted to know a few miles of the route, those he must cover—the system is perfect, and many are engaged in it who are never even suspected."

"And this man, is he one?"

"Yes, a leader; he operates the most dangerous station of all. The escaping slaves come to him first."

"And he passes them on to the next man—do you know who?"

"Only what little Pete told me; the second agent is supposed to be a preacher in Beardstown."

She asked no further questions, and after a moment turned away, resting back against the edge of the cockpit with chin cupped in the hollow of her hand. The profile of her face was clearly defined by the starlight reflected by the river, and I found it hard to withdraw my eyes. A movement by the negro attracted my attention.

"There is a small creek about four miles above the Landing, Sam," I said shortly. "Do you think you can find it?"

Star Shaped Mold—Style—H

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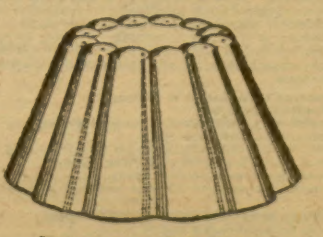
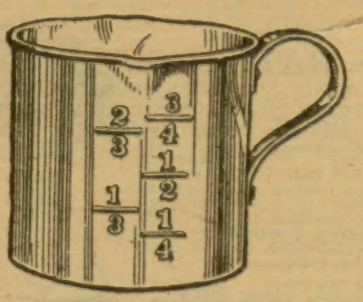
# FREE

## To Jiffy-Jell Users



### Dessert Molds

We supply dessert molds free—all in aluminum. There is a set of six Individual Molds in assorted styles. And there are five styles of pint molds. See our offers below and accept them.



### Half-Pint Measuring Cup

The Jiffy aluminum cup. Fill twice with boiling water to dissolve one package Jiffy-Jell. Also use as standard cup in any recipe. See offer below.

Teaspoon Size

Wm. Rogers & Son AA

New-style dessert spoon, Wm. Rogers & Son AA silverplate, guaranteed 20 years. Contains no advertising. Send two (Jj) trade-marks and 10 cents for first spoon, then we will offer you balance of the set.

## Gifts to Users

Buy Jiffy-Jell from your grocer. Cut out the (Jj) trade-marks in the circle on the front of Jiffy-Jell packages. Send 6 for any pint mold or the Set of Six Individual Molds. Send 2 for the Jiffy-Cup, or 2 and 10c for the Spoon.

The pint molds are as follows—all aluminum:
Style—B—Pint Mold, heart shaped.
Style—C—Pint Mold, fluted as above.
Style—D—Pint Salad Mold.
Style—E—Pint Mold with pinnacles.
Style—H—Pint Mold, star shaped.
Same as illustrated at top.

**Pint Molds**
....Style—B
....Style—C
....Style—D
....Style—E
....Style—H
....Set of Six
....Jiffy-Cup
....Silver Spoon

Send 6 circles for any pint mold or the set of six. Send 2 for Jiffy-Cup. Send 2 and 10c for spoon.

624
Jiffy Dessert Co.,
Waukesha, Wis.

MAIL THIS

I enclose .....(Jj) trade-marks for which mail the gifts I check at side.

.....

.....

Enclose 10c for postage and packing on the spoon alone.

# No More Wrinkles

## BEAUTIFUL BUST

**Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic. Eyelashes Beautified**

**Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever**

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.

This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face in a single night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well-developed form. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have **not a wrinkle on my face** now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 110 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment **is a God send** to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish".

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

**How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;**
**How to develop the bust;**
**How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;**
**How to remove superfluous hair;**
**How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;**
**How to remove dark circles under the eyes;**
**How to quickly remove double chin;**
**How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;**
**How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;**
**How to stop forever perspiration odor.**

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A526,3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovlier in every way.



# Don't Wear Pads

Use

## The NATIONAL

and enlarge your busts to their natural size and beauty.

The National is the special Developer Dr. C. S. Carr formerly recommended in the Physical Culture Magazine, as the only safe, reliable Method known for enlarging the bust in a natural way. Of this method Dr. Carr said:

**"Indeed, it will bring about a development of the busts quite astonishing."**

## Valuable Book FREE

If you want a beautiful, plump, full bust, write for our valuable book on bust development, containing the article by Dr. Carr, in which he tells specifically the causes of non-development and how the bust may be developed harmlessly to its most beautiful proportions. Sent free to every woman in need of development. If you wish book sent sealed, enclose 6c. postage.

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**GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 545 CHICAGO**


"On de Missouri side, sah? Ah reckon Ah cud."

### CHAPTER XIV.

### THE DAWN OF DEEPER INTEREST.

IT TESTED his skill as a boatman to locate the exact spot sought amid that gloom, yet he finally attained to it closely enough so I was able to get ashore, wading nearly thigh deep in water and mud, but only to learn that the boat, which I had provisioned earlier in the evening, had disappeared from its moorings. No trace of it could be found in the darkness, altho I devoted several minutes to the search. To my mind this was positive evidence that Pete had returned, accompanied by the two frightened women, and that, finally despairing of my arrival, had departed with them up the river. In all probability we would overhaul the party before morning, certainly before they could attain the mouth of the Illinois. Their heavy row-boat would be compelled to creep along close in shore to escape the grasp of the current, while our engine gave us every advantage. I made my way back to the keel-boat with this information, and the laboring engine began to chug even while I was briefly explaining the situation to Rene. She listened almost wearily, asking but few questions, and both of us soon lapsed into silence. A little later she had pillowed her head on her arms and apparently had fallen asleep.

I must have dozed, myself, as the hours passed, altho hardly aware of doing so. The soft, continuous chugging of the engine, the swash of water alongside, the ceaseless sweep of the current, and the dark gloom of the shadows thru which we struggled, all combined to produce drowsiness. I know my eyes were closed several times, and at last they opened to a realization that gray, sickly dawn rested upon the river surface. It was faint and dim, a promise more than a realization of approaching day, yet already sufficient to afford me view of the shore at our right, and to reveal the outlines of a sharp point of land ahead jutting into the stream. The mist rising from off the water in vaporous clouds obscured all else, rendering the scene weird and unfamiliar. It was, indeed, a desolate view, the near-by land low, and without verdure, in many places overflowed, and the river itself sullen and angry. Only that distant point appeared clearly defined and real, with the slowly brightening sky beyond. I endeavored to arouse myself from stupor, rubbing the sleep from my eyes. Rene had changed her posture, but still slumbered, with face completely concealed in her arms; but Sam was wide awake, and turned toward me, grinning at my first movement. He had a broad, good-humored face, and a row of prominent teeth, slightly shadowed by a very thin mustache. Instinctively, I liked the fellow on sight—he appeared both intelligent and trustworthy.

"Daylight, is it?" I said, speaking low, so as not to awaken the girl. "I must have been asleep."

"Yas, sah; yer's bin a noddin' fer de las' hour. Ah wus 'bout ter stir yer up, sah, fer Ah reckon as how we's mos' dar."

"Most where?" staring about incredulously. "Oh, yes, Rassuer Creek. Have we made that distance already?"

Sam's teeth glittered in another expanding of his mouth.

"Wal', we's bin a goin' et a mighty good gait, sah. She ain't done fooled none on me all dis night," his hand laid lovingly on the engine. "Nebber kicked up no row o' no kind—just chug, chug, chug right 'long. 'Pears like she sorter know'd dis nigger hed ter git away. Enyhow, we bin movin' lon' now right smart fer 'bout four hours, an' Rassuer Creek am just 'round dat p'int yonder—Ah's mighty sure ob dat, sah."

He was right, but it was broad daylight when we reached there, the eastern sky a glorious crimson, and the girl sitting up, staring at the brilliant coloring as tho it pictured to her the opening of a new world. I was too busily engaged helping Sam at the wheel, for the swirl of the current about the headland required all our strength to combat it, and eagerly scanning the irregular shore line, to observe her closely in the revealing light; yet I knew that she had studied us both attentively from beneath her long lashes, before turning her head away.

Rounding the headland brought us immediately into a new country, the river bank high and firm, a bank of rather vivid yellow clay, with trees thickly covering the rising ground beyond. The passage of a few hundred yards revealed the mouth of Rassuer Creek, a narrow but sluggish stream, so crooked and encroached upon by the woods as to be practically invisible from the center of the river. The water was not deep, yet fortunately proved sufficiently so for our purpose, altho we were obliged to both pole and paddle the boat upward against the slow current, and it required an hour of hard labor to place the craft safely beyond the first bend, where it might be thoroly concealed by the intervening fringe of trees. Here we made fast to the bank.

I assisted Rene ashore, and aided her to climb to a higher level, carpeted with grass. The broad river was invisible, but we could look directly down upon the boat, where Sam was already busily rummaging thru the lockers, in search of something to eat. He came ashore presently bearing some corn pone, and a goodly portion of jerked beef. Deciding it would be better not to attempt a fire, we divided this, and made the best meal possible, meanwhile discussing the situation anew, and planning what to do next. The negro, seated at one side alone upon the grass, said little, beyond replying to my questions, yet scarcely once removed his eyes from the girl's face. He seemed unable to grasp the thought that she was actually of his race, a runaway slave, or permit his tongue to utter any words of equality. Indeed, I could not prevent my own glance from being constantly attracted in her direction, also. Whatever had been her mental strain and anguish, the long hours of the night had in no marked degree diminished her beauty. To me she appeared even younger, and more attractive than in the dim glare of the lamplight the evening before; and this in spite of a weariness in her eyes, and the lassitude of her manner. She spoke but little, compelling herself to eat, and assuming a cheerfulness I was sure she was far from feeling. It was clearly evident her thoughts were elsewhere, and finally the conviction came to me, that, more than all else, she desired to be alone. My eyes sought the outlines of the boat lying in the stream below.

"What is there forward of the cockpit, Sam?" I questioned. "Beneath the deck, I mean; there seem to be several portholes."

"A cabin, sah; 'tain't so awful big, but Massa Donaldson he uster sleep dar off an' on."

"The young lady could rest there, then?"

"Sure she cud. 'Twas all fixed up fine afore we lef' Saint Louee. Ah'll show yer de way, Missus."

She rose to her feet rather eagerly, and stood with one hand resting against the trunk of a small tree. Her eyes met mine, and endeavored a smile.

"I thank you for thinking of that," she said gratefully. "I—I really am tired, and—and it will be rest just to be alone. You—you do not mind if I go?"

"Certainly not. There is nothing for any of us to do, but just take things easy until night."

"And then we are to go on, up the river?"

"Yes, unless, of course, something should occur during the day to change our plan. Meanwhile Sam and I will take turns on guard, while you can remain undisturbed."

She gave me her hand simply, without so much as a thought of any social difference between us, and I bowed low as I accepted it, equally oblivious. Yet the realization came to her even as our fingers met, a sudden dash of red flaming into her cheeks, and her eyes falling before mine.

"Oh, I forgot!" she exclaimed, drawing away. "It is so hard to remember."

"I beg you not to try. I have but one aim—to serve you to the best of my ability. Let me do it in my own way."

"Your own way?"

"Yes, the way of a gentleman, the way of a friend. You can look into my face by daylight. Please look; am I unworthy to be trusted?"

She did not answer at once, or even seem to hear my question, yet slowly her downcast eyes lifted, until she gazed frankly into my own. Beneath the shading lashes they were wistful, pleading, yet steadfastly brave.

"I am at your mercy, Lieutenant Knox," she said quietly. "I must trust you—and I do. Yes, you may serve me in your way. We—we cannot seem to play a part very well, either of us, so, perhaps, it will be easier just to be natural."

I WATCHED the two as they went down the steep bank together, and Sam helped her over the rail into the cockpit. The narrow entrance leading into the cabin forward was to the right of the engine, and she disappeared thru the sliding door without so much as glancing upward toward where I remained standing. The negro left the door open, and returned slowly, clambering up the bank.

"'Cuse me, sah," he said clumsily, as he paused before me, rubbing his head, his eyes wandering below. "Did Ah hear right whut yer sed las' night, 'bout how dat young woman was a nigger, a runaway frum Massa Kiroy? 'Pears like Ah don't just seem fer ter git dat rignt in my head, sah."

"That is the truth, Sam, altho it appears quite as impossible to me as to you. She is a natural lady, and worthy of all respect—a beautiful girl, with no outward sign that she is not wholly white—yet she has the blood of your race in her veins, and is legally a slave."

"Lordy, an' she nebber know'd it till just now?"

"No; I can only wonder at her meeting the truth as she does. Perhaps I had better tell you the story—it is very brief. She is the illegitimate daughter of a son of the late Judge Beaucaire, and a slave mother known as Delia, a quadroon. The boy disappeared years ago, before she was born, and is probably dead, as she has been brought up, and educated exactly as if she was the Judge's own child. She has never known otherwise, until those men came to the house the other night."

"An'—an' de ol' Jedge, he nebber done set her free?"

"No; nor the mother. I do not know why, only that it is a fact."

"An' now she done b'long ter dis yere Massa Kirby?"

"Yes, he won all the Beaucaire property, including the slaves, in a poker game on the river, the night Beaucaire died."

"Ah done heered all 'bout dat, sah. An' yer nebber know'd dis yere girl afore et all?"

"No, I never even saw her. I chanced to hear the story, and went to the house to warn them, as no one else would. I was too late, and no other course was left but to help her escape. That is the whole of it."

He asked several other questions, but at last appeared satisfied, and after that we discussed the guard duty of the day, both agreeing it would not be safe for us to permit any possible pursuit to pass by us up the river unseen. Sam professed himself as unwearied by the night's work, and willing to stand the first watch; and my eyes followed his movements as he scrambled across the intervening ravine, and disappeared within a fringe of woods bordering the shore of the river. Shortly after I lay down in the tree shade, and must have fallen asleep almost immediately. I do not know what aroused me, but I immediately sat upright, startled and instantly awake, the first object confronting me being Sam on the crest of the opposite ridge, eagerly beckoning me to join him. The moment he was assured of my coming, and without so much as uttering a word of explanation, he vanished again into the shadow of the woods.

I crossed the ravine with reckless haste, clambering up the opposite bank, and sixty feet beyond suddenly came into full view of the broad expanse of water. Scarcely had I glimpsed this rolling flood, sparkling under the sun's rays, when my gaze turned up stream, directed by an excited gesture of the negro. Less than a mile away, its rapidly revolving wheel churning the water into foam in ceaseless battle against the current, was a steamboat. It was not a large craft, and so dingy looking that, even at that distance, it appeared dull gray in color. A number of moving figures were perceptible on the upper deck; two smokestacks belched forth a vast quantity of black smoke, sweeping in clouds along the water surface, and a large flag flapped conspicuously against the sky. I stared at the apparition, scarcely comprehending the reality of what I beheld.

"Yer bettah stood down more, sah," Sam urged. "Fer sum o' dem fellars might see yer yit. Ah nebber heerd nuthin', ner saw no smoke till she cum a-puffin' 'round de end o' dat p'int. Ah jus' nat'larly lay down yere, an' watched her go by."

"Is it a Government boat?"

"Ah reckon maybe; leastwise thar's a heap o' sojers aboard her—reg'lars Ah reckon, fer dey's all in uniform. But everybody aboard wan't sojers."

"You know the steamer?"

"Yas, sah. Ah's seed her afore dis down et Saint Louee. She uster run down de ribber—she's de John B. Glover. She ain't no great shakes of a boat, sah."

His eyes, which had been eagerly following the movements of the craft, turned and glanced at me.

"Now dey's goin' fer ter cross over, sah, so's ter keep de channel. Ah don't reckon es how none o' dem men kin see back yere no more. Massa Kirby he wus aboard dat steamer, sah."

"Kirby! Are you sure about that, Sam?"

"'Course Ah's sure. Didn't Ah see him just as plain as Ah see you right now? He was for-rad by de rail, near de pilot house, a-watchin' dis whole shore like a hawk. Dat sure wus Massa Kirby all


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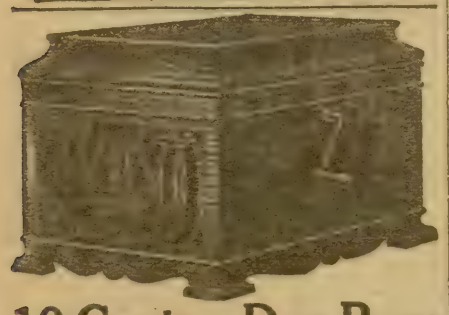

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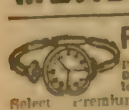

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right, but dar wan't nobody else 'long wid him."

"But what could he be doing there on a troop boat?"

The negro scratched his head, momentarily puzzled by my question.

"Ah sure don't know, sah," he admitted. "Only dat's perzackly who it was. Ah reckon dar ain't no boat whut won't take a passenger, an' Kirby, he knows ebery captain 'long dis ribber. Ah figur' it out 'bout dis way, sah; dat nobody kin tell yit which way we went—up de ribber, er down de ribber. Long cum de John B. Glover, an' Massa Kirby he just take a chance, an' goes aboard. De sheriff he goes der odder way, down stream in a rowboat; an' dat's how dey aims ter sure head us off."

I sat down at the edge of the bluff, convinced that the conclusions of the negro were probably correct. That was undoubtedly about how it had happened. To attempt pursuit up stream with only oars as propelling power, would be senseless, but the passage upward of this troop boat afforded Kirby an opportunity he would not be slow to accept. Getting aboard would present no great difficulty, and his probable acquaintance with the captain would make the rest easy.

The steamer by this time was moving diagonally across the river, head toward the other shore, and was already so far away the men on deck were invisible. It was scarcely probable that Kirby would go far northward, but just what course the man would take when once more ashore was problematical. Where he might choose to seek for us could not be guessed. Yet the mere fact that he was already above us on the river was in itself a matter for grave consideration. Still, thus far we remained unlocated, and there was less danger in that direction than down stream. Donaldson, angered by the loss of his boat, and the flight of Sam, would surely see to it that no craft slipped past St. Louis unchallenged. In this respect he was more to be feared than Kirby, with a hundred miles of river to patrol; while, once we attained the Illinois, and made arrangements with Shrunk, the immediate danger would be over. Then I need go no farther—the end of the adventure might be left to others. I looked up—the steamer was a mere smudge on the distant bosom of the river.

### CHAPTER XV.

### THE CABIN OF AMOS SHRUNK.

BEYOND this passing of the John B. Glover, the day proved uneventful, altho all further desire for sleep deserted me. It was late afternoon before Rene finally emerged from the cabin to learn the news, and I spent most of the time on watch, seated at the edge of the bluff, my eyes searching the surface of the river. While Kirby's presence up stream, unquestionably increased our peril of capture, this did not cause me as much anxious thought as did the strange disappearance of Free Pete, and the two women. What had become of them during the night? Surely they could never have out-stripped us, with only a pair of oars by which to combat the current, and yet we had obtained no glimpse of them anywhere along that stretch of river.

The knowledge that the steamer which had passed us was heavily laden with troops was most encouraging. In itself alone this was abundant proof of the safe delivery of my dispatches, and I was thus relieved to realize that this duty had been performed. My later disappearance was excusable, now that I was convinced the papers intrusted to me had reached the right hands. There might be wonder, and, later, the necessity of explanation, yet no one would suffer from my absence, and I was within the limits of my furlough—the reinforcements for Forts Armstrong and Crawford were already on their way. So, altogether, I faced the task of eluding Kirby with a lighter heart, and renewed confidence. Alone, as I believed him to be, and in that new country on the very verge of civilization, he was hardly an antagonist I needed greatly to fear. Indeed, as man to man, I rather welcomed an encounter.

There is little to record, either of the day or the night. The latter shut down dark, but rainless, altho the sky was heavily overcast by clouds. Satisfied that the river was clear as far as eye could reach in every direction, we managed to pole the heavy boat out of its berth in the creek while the twilight yet lingered, the western sky still remaining purple from the lingering sunset as we emerged into the broader stream. The following hours passed largely in silence, each of us, no doubt, busied with our own thoughts. Sam made no endeavor to speed his engine, keeping most of the way close to the deeper shadow of the shore, and the machinery ran smoothly, its noise indistinguishable at any distance. Twice we touched bottom, but to no damage other than a slight delay and the labor of poling off into deeper water, while occasionally overhanging limbs of trees, unnoticed in the gloom, struck our faces. By what uncanny skill the negro was able to navigate, how he found his way in safety along that ragged bank, remains a mystery. To my eyes all about us was black, impenetrable, not even the water reflecting a gleam of light; indeed, so dense was the surrounding gloom that in the deeper shadows I could not even distinguish the figure of the girl seated beside me in the cockpit. Yet there was scarcely a break in the steady chug of the engine, or the gentle swish of water alongside.

The clouds broke slightly after midnight, occasionally yielding a glimpse of a star, but the uninhabited shore remained desolate and silent. Day had not broken when we came to the mouth of the Illinois, and turned our bow cautiously up that stream, becoming immediately aware that we had entered new waters. The negro, ignorant of what was before us, soon beached the boat onto a sand bar, and we decided it would be better for us to remain there until dawn. This was not long in coming, the graying sky of the east slowly lighting up the scene, and bringing into view, little by little, our immediate surroundings. These were lonely and dismal enough, yet revealed nothing to create alarm. A desolate flat of sand extended from either shore back to a high ridge of clay, which was thickly wooded. Slightly higher up the river this ridge approached more closely the bank of the stream, with trees actually overhanging the water, and a rather thick growth of underbrush hiding the ground. The river was muddy, flowing with a swift current, and we could distinguish its course only so far as the first bend, a comparatively short distance away. Nowhere appeared the slightest evidence of life, either on water or land; all was forlorn and dead, a vista of utter desolation. Sam was standing up, his whole attention concentrated on the view up stream.

"Do steamers ever go up this river?" I asked, surprised at the volume of water.

He glanced around at me, as tho startled at my voice.

"Yas, sah; putty near eny sorter boat kin. Ah nebber tried it, fer Massa Donaldson hed no bus'ness ober in dis kintry, but Ah's heerd 'em talk down ter Saint Louee. Trouble is, sah, we's got started in de wrong place—dar's plenty watah t'other side dis yere bar."

"Who told you the best way to find Shrunk?"

His eyes widened and searched my face, evidently still somewhat suspcious of any white man.

"A nigger down Saint Louee way, sah. Dey done cotched him, an' brought him back afore he even got ter Beardstown."

"And you believe you can guide us there?"

"Ah sure can, if whut dat nigger sed wus co'rect, sah. Ah done questioned him mighty par'ticlar, an' Ah 'members ebery sign whut he giv' me." He grinned broadly. "Ah sorter suspicion'd Ah mought need dat informa'ion."

"All right, then; it is certainly light enough now—let's push off."

We had taken the sand lightly, and were able to pole the boat into deep water with no great difficulty. I remained crouched at the bow, ready for any emergency, while the engine resumed its chugging, and Sam guided us out toward the swifter current of the stream. The broader river behind us remained veiled in mist, but the gray light was sufficient for our purpose, enabling us to proceed slowly until our craft had rounded the protruding headland, out of sight from below, and we forced into the deeper shadows of the overhanging woods.

"'Tain't so awful fur from yere, sah," Sam called to me.

"What, the place where we are to land?"

"Yas, sah. It's de mouth ob a little crick, whut yer nebber see till yer right plum at it. Bettah keep your eyes open 'long dat shore, sah."

THE girl, alertly bent forward, was first among us to detect the concealed opening, which was almost completely screened by the over-arching trees, her voice ringing excitedly, as she pointed it out. Sam was quick to respond, and almost before I had definitely established the spot, the bow of the boat swerved and we shot in thru the leafy screen, the low-hung branches sweeping against our faces and scraping along the sides. It was an eery spot, into which the faint daylight scarcely penetrated, but, nevertheless, revealed itself a secure and convenient harbor. While the stream was not more than twelve feet in width and the water almost motionless, the banks were high and precipitous and the depth amply sufficient. The dim light, only occasionally finding entrance thru the trees, barely enable us to see for a short distance ahead. It looked a veritable cave, and, indeed, all I remember noting in my first hasty glance thru the shadows, was the outline of a small boat, moored to a fallen tree. Sam must have perceived this at the same instant, for he ran our craft alongside the half-submerged log and stopped his engine. I scrambled over, found precarious footing on the west bark, and made fast.

"So this is the place?" I questioned incredulously, staring about at the dark, silent forest, which still remained in the deep night shade. "Why, there's nothing here."

"No, sah; dar certenly don't 'pear fer ter be much," and the negro crept out of the cockpit and joined me, "'ceptin'


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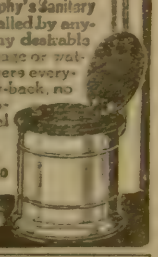

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dat boat. Dar ain't no boat 'round yere, les' folks hes bin a ridin' in it, Ah reckon. Dis sure am de spot, all right—an' dar's got ter be a trail 'round yere sumwhar."

Rene remained motionless, her eyes searching the shadows, as tho half frightened at finding herself in such dismal surroundings. The girl's face appeared white and drawn in that twilight. Sam advanced cautiously from off the log to the shore, and began to anxiously scan the ground, beating back and forth thru the underbrush. After watching him a moment my gaze settled on the strange boat, and I crept along the log curious to examine it more closely. It had the appearance of being newly built, the paint unscratched, and exhibiting few marks of usage. A single pair of oars lay crossed in the bottom and beside these was an old coat and some ordinary fishing tackle—but nothing to arouse any interest. Without doubt it belonged to Amos Skrunk, and had been left here after the return from some excursion either up or down the river. I was still staring at these things, and speculating about them, when the negro called out from a distance that he had found the path. Rene answered his hail, standing up in the boat, and I hastened back to help her ashore.

We had scarcely exchanged words during the entire night, but now she accepted my proffered hand gladly, and with a smile, springing lightly from the deck to the insecure footing of the log.

"I do not intend that you shall leave me behind," she said, glancing about with a shudder. "This is such a horrid place."

"The way before us looks scarcely better," I answered, vainly endeavoring to locate Sam. "Friend Shrunk evidently is not eager for callers. Where is that fellow?"

"Somewhere over in that thicket, I think. At least his voice sounded from there. You discovered nothing in the boat?"

"Only a rag and some fishing tackle. Come; we'll have to plunge in somewhere."

She followed closely as I pushed a passage thru the obstructing underbrush, finally locating Sam at the edge of a small opening, where the light was sufficiently strong to enable us to distinguish marks of a little-used trail leading along the bottom of a shallow gully bisecting the sidehill. The way was obstructed by roots and rotten tree trunks, and so densely shaded as to be in places almost imperceptible, but Sam managed to find its windings, while we held close enough behind to keep him safely in sight. Once we came into view of the river, but the larger part of the way lay along a hollow, heavily overshadowed by trees, where we could see only a few feet in any direction.

At the crossing of a small stream we noticed the imprint of several feet in the soft mud of the shore. One plainly enough was small and narrow, beyond all question that of a woman, but the others were all men's, one being clad in moccasins. Beyond this point the path trended downward, winding along the face of the hill and much more easily followed. Sam, still ahead, started to clamber across the trunk of a fallen tree, but came to a sudden halt, staring downward at something concealed from our view on the other side.

"Good Lord o' mercy!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "What's dat?"

I was close beside him by this time and saw the thing also—the body of a man lying on the ground. The light was so dim only the bare outlines of the recumbent figure were visible, and, following the first shock of discovery, my earliest thought was to spare the girl.

"Wait where you are, Rene!" I exclaimed, waving her back. "There is a many lying beyond the log. Come, Sam; we will see what he looks like."

He was slow in following, hanging back as I approached closer to the motionless form, and I could hear the muttering of his lips. Unquestionably the man was dead; of this I was assured before I even knelt beside him. He lay prone on his face in a litter of dead leaves, and almost the first thing I noticed was the death wound back of his ear, where a large caliber bullet had pierced the brain. His exposed hands proved him a negro, and it was with a feeling of unusual repugnance that I touched his body, turning it over sufficiently to see the face. The countenance of a negro in death seldom appears natural, and under that faint light, no revealed feature struck me, at first, as familiar. Then, all at once, I knew him, unable to wholly repress a cry of startled surprise, as I stared down into the upturned face—the dead man, evidently murdered, shot treacherously from behind, was Free Pete. I sprang to my feet, gazing about blindly into the dim woods, my mind for the instant dazed by the importance of this discovery. What could it mean? How could it have happened? By what means had he reached this spot in advance of us, and at whose hand had he fallen? He could have been there only for one purpose, surely—in an attempt to guide Eloise Beaucaire and the quadroon Delia. Then what had become of the women? Where were they now?

I stumbled backward to the support of the log, unable to answer any one of these questions, remembering only in that moment that I must tell Rene the truth. Her eyes already were upon me, exhibiting her fright and perplexity, her knowledge that I had viewed something of horror. She could keep silent no longer.

"Tell me—please," she begged. "Is the man dead? Who is he, do you know?"

"Yes," I replied desperately. "He is dead, and I recognize his face. He is the negro Pete, and has been killed, shot from behind. I cannot understand how it has happened."

"Pete," she echoed, grasping at the log to keep erect, her eyes on that dimly revealed figure in the leaves. "Free Pete, Carlton's Pete? How—how could he have got here? Then—then the others must have been with him. What has become of them?"

"It is all mystery; the only way to solve it is for us to go on. It can do no one any good to stand here, staring at his dead body. When we reach the cabin we may learn what has occurred. Go on ahead, Sam, and we will follow—don't be afraid boy; it is not the dead who hurt us."

She clung tightly to me, shrinking past the motionless figure. She was not sobbing; her eyes were dry, yet every movement, each glance, exhibited her depth of horror. I drew her closer, thoughtless of what she was, my heart yearning to speak words of comfort, yet realizing there was nothing left me to say. I could almost feel the full intensity of her struggle for self-control, the effort she was making to conquer a desire to give way. She must have known this, for once she spoke.

"Do not mind me," she said, pausing before the utterance of each word to steady her voice. "I—I am not going to break down. It—it is the suddenness—the shock. I—I shall be strong again, in a minute."

"You must be," I whispered, "for their lives may depend on us."

It was a short path before us and became more clearly defined as we advanced. A sharp turn brought us into full view of the cabin, which stood in a small opening, built against the sidehill, and so overhung with trees as to be invisible, except from the direction of our approach. We could see only the sidewall, which contained one open window, and was a one-room affair, low and flat-roofed, built of logs. Its outward appearance was peaceful enough, and the swift beat of my pulse quieted as I took rapid survey of the surroundings.

"Sam," I commanded, "you are to remain here with Rene, while I learn the truth yonder. Yes," to her quick protest, "that will be the better way—there is no danger and I shall not be gone but for a moment."

I seated her on a low stump and left them there together, Sam's eyes rolling about in a frightened effort to perceive every covert in the woods, but the girl satisfied to watch me intently as I moved cautiously forward. A dozen steps brought me within view of the front of the cabin. The door had been smashed in and hung dangling from one hinge. Another step, now with a pistol gripped in my hand, enabled me to obtain a glimpse within. Across the puncheon threshold, his feet even protruding without, lay a man's body; beyond him, half concealed by the shadows of the interior, appeared the outlines of another, with face upturned to the roof, plainly distinguishable because of a snow-white beard.

**Which shows that Joe Kirby is in truth, "The Devil's Own." The adventures of Knox and the girl with Kirby himself come out in next week's continuation. This story is in the Ledger only.**

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"Yassah."

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"Yessah."

"No wonda you is happy."

"Yessah."

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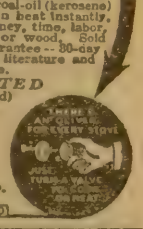


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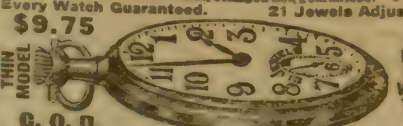

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# ALMOST

## By Frank Waterman Glass

NEARLY any girl will tell you that it is a very thrilling thing to be engaged. The period that ensues after a girl holds up both hands and murmurs "kamerad" is just fraught with the most delicious time tables, showers, house plans and things made of fragile lace. It's a great time.

But with a man it is different. When he doesn't feel foolish, which is three-quarters of the time, he is scared.

With our young friend, Mr. Arthur Browning, it was a case of being scared all the time. He had had an engagement thrust upon him; the honor had not been sought for. In fact, he had side-stepped, but like many another he had jumped right into the net.

Young Mr. Browning had had his dreams like millions of other men. These dreams were wonderful things, and the most wonderful thing about them was they seemed to be in a fair way of coming true. They were dreams of efficiency, business schemes, dreams of marvelous filing cabinets and intricate indexes. There wasn't a powder puff in them.

Then out of a clear sky had bolted a young woman, Henrietta. In simply no time at all Henrietta had grafted a dream onto young Mr. Browning. She had hung it over his head, wrapped him up in it, enshrouded him in it. Not at any time had she a suspicion that it was a nightmare to Arthur and not a dream of—oh, gossamer.

No, it cannot be said that Mr. Browning noticed anything at all pertaining to Romance about this dream. There were other elements in it, most pronounced, but Romance was not one of them.

But enough of this fancy. Let us get down to hard facts and see wherein this young man of precise turn of mind had become entangled with a young woman, a dream and an impending marriage.

"Are You Going to Answer Me?" She Asked.

Mr. Browning, being office manager of Shaw & Company, hired the help. In an unthinking moment one morning he had hired Miss Henrietta Malman, before alluded to, to become his stenographer and office assistant. Henrietta was one of those girls who, once started, go on progressing and evoluting until they either die or have feature stories written about them in the How-I-Did-It magazines. She was not only efficient, but had ideas.

One of her ideas, it was an early one, too, had been to marry Mr. Browning. It's probably a burning shame to blurt a thing like that right out about a girl, but you wanted hard facts, didn't you? Well, it's the literal truth. That girl systematically and efficiently wooed the helpless, innocent young Mr. Browning, and with the assistance of Fate and Albert, the most placid of office boys, brought the matter to a successful head one afternoon, just before this tale opens.

Mr. Browning was engaged, sewed-up, eternally lost, shanghaied, marooned and counted out before he knew what had happened to him. To be sure the wedding bells had not started to ring nor had the crepe de chine been cut into, but of what comfort are thoughts of this nature when one's fiancee checks up mentally like Napoleon?

The days went on about the office to all outward appearances as usual. Business was good and there wasn't a strike in sight. But underneath the surface of things seethed a volcano. Every morning a dainty spray of flowers was placed on the perfect mahogany desk of the young office manager. These flowers were a constant reminder of what was hanging over Mr. Browning. Many times during the day his gaze turned to them and the gay bachelor buttons seemed to grin at him and say, "You're done. You're no longer one of us. They're going to take you away and marry you." And Arthur would swear softly and grind his teeth.

About as annoying as the flowers was the behavior of Albert, the office boy. Albert was very young, but he had loved. The fact that the object of his affections had been none other than Henrietta herself was not in itself an irritation between Albert and Mr. Browning. Probably this could be explained by the fact that this sudden and violent love (there had been talk of a suicide at one time) had rolled from Albert like a customer's money in a grocery store. He plunged to the depths of tragedy consumed by passion and heroically and successfully pushed it from him all in one afternoon. That gives a fair idea of the character of Albert. He could do things, surprising things.

IT CAME to pass, therefore, that a stanch regard, an ever-growing affection, for young Mr. Browning had taken hold of Albert. His boss meant something to him. His fond eyes hardly left him during the day. And he did many, many unofficeboylike things for the troubled man. He even forebore to whistle.

"Why do you stare at me, Albert?" said Mr. Browning one morning in a rather peevish tone. "I—I am not ill or anything. Why do you do it?"

"Sir?" replied Albert, flecking a small piece of dust from the manager's desk.

"Don't do it any more! I can't stand it," Mr. Browning said, in a strained voice. He knew full well that Albert had heard him in the first place.

But Albert was instantly all compassion.

"You are not sick, Mr. Browning?" cried Albert. "You don't look well. You fidget."

"Fidget? Fidget? Absurd. I never fidgetted in all my life."

"I hope, Mr. Browning, that nothing happens to you."

"Thank you for your thoughtfulness, Albert, but I feel quite well. Please take these papers to—er—Miss Malman."

As he said the name that meant so much to him he trembled. Albert saw and understood. After a short stare the boy did as he was told.

Mr. Browning pondered on the words

(Continued on Page 23.)


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# Jungle Treasure

## By Wilder Anthony

### Incidents of Previous Chapters

ORCHID hunter, explorer, adventurer—hardened to the dangerous life of Borneo and immune even to the dread of the fierce, native Dyaks—

**HUGH VARDEN** was pressing back, alone, thru the interior jungles, on his way to the coast. Forced to kill a Dyak from self-defense, he hid for a moment in behind a huge, gnarled root, and what was his astonishment to see a white woman appear thru the thicket! She startled him further by speaking English and remarking that she had been "expecting him." Without a trace of coquetry she told him her name.

**RUTH NASH,** and explained that she lived near with her father, who caught and trained animals for menageries. She seemed, however, to be troubled over the influence of another man.

**VICTOR MOREAU,** who lived with them and kept them from leaving the country. She appealed to Varden for help, which he gladly granted. She asked him to return with her and to pretend he had killed the Dyak in her defense, in order to insure his welcome. Just as they approached her home, an immense ape attacked and overpowered Varden.

He recovered consciousness at Ruth's home, where she had him carried, and she, herself, bathed and dressed his wounds, in spite of the hostile attitude of her father.

**GILBERT NASH.** Ruth explained to Varden that the gorilla was her pet, Rajah, whom she kept for protection. Hugh was surprised to find that Ruth was married to the man she had called her enemy, and the latter evinced an insincere friendliness toward his guest. In order to prolong his stay, Varden claimed to have knowledge of a hidden treasure which Moreau was eager to find.

When he was alone in his room Varden received a strange message written in English.

The witch-doctor spoke to Varden alone and gave him a small packet which was, Maka said, the rightful property of Ruth. He charged the young man not to let any one take it from him until he was "in the place of dead men's bones." As Hugh left the cave he came upon the girl struggling in Moreau's arms, and Varden threw himself at Moreau for he realized that he felt an overpowering love for her.

In the fight, Hugh was victorious and afterward, when Ruth bound up the old wound which had been torn open, he kissed her and the both confessed that they cared in spite of the fact that she was married. Moreau overheard them and saw the kiss; altho he pretended to call a truce he did not forget, and later when they had set out in a party to look for the treasure, he trapped Varden on a ledge and forced him to jump from the cliff into the rock-studded pool below.

This story began in No. 42 the Ledger for Oct. 16. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or from newsdealers.

### CHAPTER VIII.
### THE HAIRY MEN.

WHEN Varden leaped from the dizzy height of the curved bridge into the river pool, he did not, as the onlookers believed, do so with the deliberate intention of taking his own life. During his parley with Moreau his eyes as well as his wits had been very busy, and he thought that he saw a desperate chance not only to avoid capture, but to eventually turn the tables and rescue Ruth from their enemies; and since this chance, slim as it was, was the only way of escape that offered, he had seized upon it. In any event, he knew that he was merely anticipating matters by a few minutes, for he realized that he must either submit quietly to capture and subsequent torture, or die fighting against odds there on the bridge. Hemmed in as he was, his only chance lay in jumping into the river voluntarily, for this way alone could he to some extent control the method of his plunge. Since his action was totally unexpected by his enemies, he guessed—and subsequent events proved that he guessed right—that Moreau would not think of shooting him as he might have done very easily before his body struck the water.

A sharp, tho hasty, scrutiny of the surface of the pool convinced him that it was, as he had heard, exceedingly deep. There was a certain look to deep water which is easily recognized by the practiced eye and the American felt sure that he had made no mistake in his conjecture. His chief fear was that he might strike some sunken rock in his descent but by carefully calculating his plunge he hoped to avoid this. He was a splendid swimmer and he knew that forty feet, or even more, is by no means a fatal plunge if one knows how to hit the water properly.

When he leaped out into space he aimed directly for the center of what seemed to be the very deepest part of the pool, and fortunately his body just cleared a number of half-submerged rocks that lay almost directly beneath the bridge. Striking the deep water feet first with his body bent at just the right angle to lessen the shock, he sank down until he thought that he would never rise again. But he did rise finally, only to be caught in the grip of the current which carried him swiftly down stream away from the mountain. Several times during this hurried passage he was brushed against sunken rocks, but each time his body glanced off without receiving any serious injury. He was more than a hundred yards below the bridge and completely hidden from the eyes of the persons upon it by a bend in the canyon walls, when he came permanently to the surface and looked about him.

For a little he made no effort to breast the current; he merely lay still, swimming just enough to keep himself clear of the rocks, until he was borne into the shadows cast by the trees of a dark and gloomy forest. Limbs from several of these trees were trailing in the water, and by aid of one of them the swimmer was able to pull himself out on the bank. For a few minutes he lay still, gasping for breath, but entirely unhurt: there was hardly a bruise of any size on his body, and with the single exception of his hat he had not lost any of his clothing.

When his wind had returned to him Varden walked back under the trees and sat down on a fallen log to remove his boots and empty the water out of them. He had emerged, he noted, on the opposite side of the river from that upon which they had approached it, and he was glad of this for it meant that he was on the same side as the great cave in which he had reason to believe that he would eventually find Ruth. When he had freed himself of surplus water as well as he was able, he produced his pipe and tobacco, which with his small stock of matches he carried in a waterproof rubber pouch, and lighted up. His money-belt, also waterproof, had preserved its contents—the packet Maka had given him among other things—safe from harm, and when he had wiped his pistol with some dry leaves, he felt little the worse for his adventure. His cartridges were, of course, waterproof.

By this time it was almost night and in the forest, dark and gloomy even at midday, it was too dark to see more than a few feet. Varden did not let this worry him, however. He knew that he must wait for daylight before he could begin to travel and search for the entrance to the cave which Moreau had said existed somewhere on that side of the river, and after he had rested a little he found a sheltered spot at the foot of a huge tree where he prepared to spend the night. Barring his wet clothing and the slight chilliness which resulted therefrom he was not especially uncomfortable. He was accustomed to sleeping on the ground and he could have borne his lot patiently enough if it had not been for his anxiety in regard to Ruth.

HE CONSOLED himself as well as he could, however, with the thought that she was with her father and that Moreau could have no cause to abuse her now that he—Varden—was out of the way. From then on, the American reasoned, the treasure hunt would progress as originally planned, for he did not think that either Nash or the Eurasian would turn back now without first searching the cave carefully. In the meantime, Ruth, of course, might suffer considerable mental torture in her belief that he was dead, but this, regrettable as it was, was unavoidable; and, after all, grief alone seldom kills. All Varden could do for the present was to wait and hope, planning meanwhile to reach Ruth and rescue her as soon as he could. Just what form this rescue might take he did not know; he must leave that to chance and what he could discover on the next day. Curling up in the dry grass and ferns at the base of the tree, he smoked for awhile, then, worn out by his exertions in the river, he fell asleep.

How long he slept he did not know, but at length he was awakened by a sound of guttural voices talking in a language that was strange to him. Instantly on the alert, he drew his automatic and peered out of his nest between the roots of the tree. It was not yet daybreak, but the inky blackness of night had begun to fade, and now that his eyes were become used to the gloom the American could discern nothing to account for the voices. Except for the shadowy outlines of the tree trunks and the dark masses of lianas, there was nothing in sight. All at once a sudden faint movement twenty yards away caught his eye and when he focused his gaze upon the spot, he gasped and his body became as rigid as steel.

In the ghostly dimness something had moved. It flitted like a shadow across a little opening between the trees, so swiftly that at first Varden could not tell whether it was man or beast. And then again he saw it, and yet again; something—some series of objects—was passing there, altho now the voices which had awakened him had ceased. Gradually Varden's straining eyes began to take in more detail, and then in a flash he saw step out into the open space the most terrible-looking creature he had ever seen.

It was the figure of a man, a squat, misshapen man, naked save for a thick mat of curly hair which covered his whole body, and bearing a huge knotted club on his shoulder. For an instant this monstrosity paused in the center of the little glade, and Varden was able to make out a bestial apelike face, with protruding jaws and teeth; then the creature disappeared in the darkness beneath the trees. Close at his heels came a second, and then a third and a fourth, and so on, until more than a score had crossed the opening. They flitted thru the trees like shadows, each one an almost exact replica of him who had gone before, and, save for an occasional guttural word or two, in almost absolute silence. As the last man stepped out of sight on the farther side of the glade, Varden left his hiding place and followed him.

At first, for perhaps two hundred yards or so, the way led straight back into the forest; then the hairy men turned off at right angles and started in a direction parallel to the river and toward the mountain at its upper end. Owing to the shelter of the trees and the softness of the ground, which deadened any sound that he made, Varden found it comparatively easy to follow them undetected until they reached a rock-enclosed clearing near the base of the mountain, where they halted. Here one of their number kindled a fire with some hot coals which he had brought with him in an earthenware jar and they squatted on their hams around it and began to talk in their strange guttural jargon. Safely hidden behind a bowlder a few rods away, Varden watched them.

"Well," the Older Man Asked, "Did You Fix It?"
"Yes," Moreau Answered, "They're Waiting Outside for Our Signal. Everything's Fixed, Dad."

Never before in all his jungle experience had he seen such men. Had it not been for their talk and the fact that they carried weapons and used fire he would not have been at all sure that they were men. Outwardly at least they resembled some monstrous offshoot of the ape breed far more than they did anything human. Not one of them was more than five feet tall, but the girth of their hairy torsos was out of all proportion to their height, denoting great muscular power. They were entirely covered with hair, and they moved with much the same shambling gait as did Rajah, the big anthropoid. In fact, of the two, Varden decided that he would prefer

Rajah as a companion; to his way of thinking the ape's features were more intelligent, less beastlike, than those of these strange beings now before him. As he spied upon them the American did not blame the Dyaks for thinking that the wood was haunted by devils—he could almost believe the fact himself.

But if they were devils, or apes, why did they talk and use fire like men? Furthermore, what was it that they were waiting for in that barren place? For it was becoming more and more evident to the watcher that they were waiting for something. Several times since the kindling of the fire, Varden had seen one, whom he took to be their chief, look up expectantly toward the dark bulk of the mountain as tho his keen ears had detected sounds which warned him of some one's approach. For a considerable interval, however, nothing extraordinary happened; the ape-men merely squatted on the ground jabbering in low tones, while the gloom of the first dawn slowly broadened into the fuller light of day.

Varden was beginning to grow very uncomfortable behind his bowlder, when there was a sudden stir among the figures around the fire. Several of the ape-men jumped to their feet and looked toward the mountain, and several others began to pile dry wood on the flames until they blazed briskly. Into this fast broadening area of warmth and light a man suddenly stepped. He was a tall man, slender and dark-skinned, and dressed in European clothing. Varden caught his breath and stared when he appeared, for he recognized him instantly. The newcomer was Victor Moreau.

As the Eurasian came within the circle of firelight the chief of the ape-men stepped forward to meet him. From a queer sort of deferential bow which he made and the words of greeting which passed between the two it was plain that they were friends; more, it was plain that these strange denizens of the jungle were under Moreau's authority, for the rest drew back respectfully so that the Eurasian and their leader stood in a place by themselves.

For perhaps half an hour the two conversed. A prey to a dozen conflicting emotions, Varden would have given a year of his life to have been able to hear and understand what they said, but since he could not do this, he could only guess at the purport of their talk. From Moreau's authoritative way of speaking, however, and the gesticulations of the ape-man, the watcher concluded that the Eurasian was issuing instructions to which the other was agreeing. Evidently there was some arrangement of mutual profit between the two; altho it was impossible for the American to guess what it could be.

At last the conference came to an end, and with an abrupt gesture of dismissal Moreau began to retrace his steps toward the mountain, while the ape-man began to grunt and bark at his companions, who crowded around him eagerly. For a few seconds Varden hesitated, then he ducked down behind the rocks and began to creep around the clearing in the Eurasian's rear. He meant to trail the man if he could until he discovered where Ruth was hidden.

### CHAPTER IX.

### A GLIMMER OF LIGHT.

AT FIRST, well hidden by the jagged wall of rocks that ran between him and the fire, Varden hurried along without making and particular effort to conceal himself. Since Moreau was moving in a straight line and the American was obliged to travel around the clearing on the outside of the wall, the latter had much farther to go and he was forced to make haste in order to catch sight of his quarry again before he reached the entrance to the cave; for that the Eurasian was headed for the cave Varden did not for a moment doubt.

As he completed the circle of the clearing and arrived at the opening in the rocks thru which Moreau had disappeared Varden paused for an instant and looked back toward the fire. The ape-men were still grouped around their chief who was talking steadily. Sure that nobody was aware of his presence or looking in his direction, Varden turned toward the mountain and proceeded on his way. From this point he was obliged to move with great caution for he had no idea where Moreau's party was camped, or who might be watching the trail.

He had gone only a few rods, picking his way carefully between the numerous bowlders which fortunately afforded him a certain amount of concealment, when he glimpsed the Eurasian's tall figure about a hundred feet ahead. Moreau was evidently in no hurry. He walked slowly and carelessly, apparently secure in the knowledge that he was perfectly safe and entirely unaware of the fact that he was being followed. At the foot of the mountain he turned to the right and began to climb upward toward a little clump of trees which grew against the face of the solid rock.

Hidden behind a bowlder, Varden watched him closely. At the edge of the trees the Eurasian paused and looked behind him for a minute, then he disappeared from sight. For about a quarter of an hour Varden waited as patiently as he could in order to give the other man time to get out of sight and hearing, for now that he had learned what he believed was the way to the cave he felt that his wisest course lay in making haste slowly. So long as Moreau believed him to be drowned he had a certain advantage, but if his presence were discovered he would be hunted down instantly.

Satisfied at length that he was entirely alone, he climbed up the mountainside and crept beneath the trees until he arrived at a dark, narrow opening in the cliff so thickly covered by vines that a stranger might have passed within a few feet of it without guessing its existence. For a space he hesitated there, listening and watching closely for a sign of movement; finally he pushed thru the screen of leaves and stepped inside.

He found himself in a high, dark passage about four feet wide that sloped gently upward. When he had cautiously proceeded about fifty yards, so far as he could tell, the passage began to widen and grow light. Five minutes later he was gazing into the most extraordinary place he had ever seen.

In front of him was a vast chamber, larger by far than the largest hall ever built by man, windowless, but faintly lighted from above by openings which presumably connected with the outer air and gave sufficient light for one to see easily, if not distinctly. But the enormous size of the chamber was the least of its wonders, for it was literally filled with gigantic columns of what looked like ice, but were not, being, in reality, huge stalactites. So numerous were these pillars, some of which were ten feet or more in diameter at the base and so lofty that their tops were lost in the dimness above, that Varden could think of nothing at that moment but a forest of gigantic icicles, some complete, others still in process of formation. And even as the American looked around him in awe and admiration he could hear a series of dull splashes, occuring at regular intervals, which told him that drops were falling from invisible points high up in the roof onto the columns below, slowly completing a work which had been begun long before man ever walked upon the earth.

In many cases the stalactites were formed in strange and fantastic shapes, weird figures, which in the ghostly light of the cavern made one think of some vast grotto upon the bed of the ocean filled with coral growths and strange aquatic plants. There was one huge mass near the center of the chamber which reminded Varden of a huge ship with naked spars and the high bulwarks of ancient days, another resembled a gigantic man with a pack on his back—an Atlas holding up the sky; and a third, directly opposite the wayfarer, looked exactly like a great throne; but for the most part the forms were of huge trees and pillars covered with delicate lines and tracings, like frostmarks on a windowpane.

IN THE walls of this natural museum of wonders were many openings that evidently extended into the bowels of the mountain, and when he had gazed his fill of the frozen forest Varden set about examining these in an effort to find out which one of them Moreau had taken. At first he experienced some difficulty in this, for to him the openings all looked alike and there was no trace on the rock floor to guide him. In fact, he might have lost himself in that maze of tunnels if luck had not favored him.

He was creeping along the wall of the cavern when a faint hum of voices came to his ears from a passage at his left. He crouched instantly and crept forward until he came to a point where he could look down into a gloomy apartment some thirty feet square which was located at a level nearly ten feet lower than where he stood. This chamber was not so well lighted as the stalactite cave, but there was light enough for Varden to see that it was empty save for a few objects which looked like rough stone benches and two men who were squatting near the wall a few yards away from him. It was from these two that the voices he had heard proceeded,


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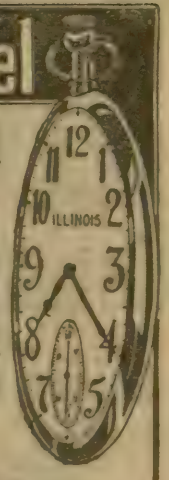

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voices which he now recognized as coming from Victor Moreau and Gilbert Nash.

Drawing back a little into the passageway, Varden bent down and listened. Apparently the two men had just met each other, for the first thing he heard was a question from Nash.

"Well," the older man asked, "did you fix it?"

"Yes," Moreau answered. "They're waiting outside for our signal. Everything's ready, Dad."

"You're sure that they understand? They won't go too far?"

"No fear," Moreau laughed softly. "They'll do as I tell 'em to, the brutes. Besides, they think this whole game is a plan to outwit Maka and they're keen for it."

"I wish it was Maka," said Nash fervently. "It would be a fine chance to get rid of him for good. He knows more than he's told, Victor. He's the one man we have any cause to fear—— I'd like to see him in the pool. I'll come to that some day, anyhow. He's the only one who knows the secret."

"Maybe so, Dad. Time will tell. Now that we've got that infernal Varden out of the way, however, the rest should be easy. Ruth will be more pliable now that her last chance of outside assistance has gone. She'll tell—I'm sure of it."

"You still think that she knows, then?"

"Of course. I've always thought so. Maka knows and he's told her. She'll have to loosen up now and she'll do it to save both your lives. She'll never guess the game we're playing."

"No, not unless Maka tells her. He knows, but you may be right in thinking that he daren't tell. Just the same, Victor, I wish we might have got more out of Varden before he died. I told you that it would be better to wait until we got into the caves."

"I know, but what of it? He's gone now. Maybe he didn't know so much, after all. Ruth says he didn't; that it was all a bluff to fool me. Anyhow, we can find it without him—it's in these caves somewhere. And the girl knows where, I tell you. How could I guess that the fool would drown himself? I thought he and Ruth were sweet on each other and in the secret together, and I thought that by threatening him we could get one of 'em to tell; but he's gone now, and good riddance to him."

"You're sure he's gone, then?"

"Sure? Of course I'm sure! Didn't he land on the rocks? Besides, no man could outlive that current—it's been tried before." The Eurasian chuckled grimly.

"Well, his death may help us, at that," said Nash. "It's upset Ruth. She'll tell all she knows now, if she ever will. She's made one sacrifice to save her old dad and she'll make another when the time comes if we handle her right."

"Sacrifice! What d'you call a sacrifice?" Moreau demanded savagely, angered apparently by the other's allusion. "It was no sacrifice for her to marry me. I'd have been good to her—once."

"Yes; but she'd have none of you, Victor. She read you mighty quick; I'll say that for her. It was no real marriage, anyhow, altho she'll never guess that. However, the treasure is what we're after and when we get it there are other girls for you if you must have 'em. For my part, I say d—n the women! They're all trouble-breeders. But I'm glad the thing is coming to a showdown. I'm tired of playing a part all the time. I want action."

"WELL, you'll get what you want mighty quick. But be careful in the meantime, Dad. She mustn't guess—yet. You'll have to play the loving parent pretty strong if we're going to make her talk."

"And ain't I doing it? What about that little sideshow at the table the other night, huh? Pretty rich, I thought." Nash chuckled throatily.

"Yes, you've done well enough so far," Moreau admitted. "Don't get impatient, that's all. If Ruth should guess that you're not——"

"Hush!" Nash raised a warning hand. "Don't say it, Victor. The girl's back yonder, and we're alone so far as we know, but there's no telling who might hear even in this hole. The less said the better. Come on, let's get back to the fire. It's damp and cold here and there's nothing more to talk about. We understand each other. Come on." He stood up and stretched his cramped limbs.

"All right," Moreau answered, getting up himself, "but don't forget what I've told you. We mustn't slip up at the last minute, Dad. Zabu and his bunch will be along pretty quick and we've got to be ready. Ruth must think that it's a real attack, you know; that I've turned against you at last. It'll work if we play our cards right."

They moved off across the chamber and entered a passage on the farther side evidently on their way to where the rest of the party was hidden.

Varden watched them go without moving from his concealment. He reasoned that the camp could not be very far off and he wanted to think over what he had just heard before he tried to find Ruth. Judging from the partners' conversation, trouble was brewing, but that was not all. The thing that amazed him beyond words was the fact that, apparently at least, Ruth was not Nash's daughter at all! Neither was she Moreau's wife. At any rate, that was all the sense that Varden could make out of what he had heard, unbelievable as it seemed, and the more he thought upon it the firmer became his conviction that he was right.

Ruth, he knew, had never seen her father until a little less than three years ago. She had joined him then in his jungle home in response to his message; that is, she had thought she had joined him. Suppose, after all, that she really had not done so? That Nash and Moreau had merely taken possession of her father's property after, in all probability, killing him? The thing was entirely possible. It was even plausible when one took into consideration the fact that Ruth had never known her father and the desolate region in which their home was situated. Somehow, Moreau and Nash—to call the older villain by the name under which he had been known for so long—had heard of the treasure and had determined to get it. The supposed existence of the treasure was the motive for everything, of course. It even accounted for Ruth's being tricked into a false marriage with the Eurasian. All the time the two scoundrels had merely been playing the girl along in order to worm the secret of the diamonds—which they thought she possessed—out of her. It was a diabolically clever scheme, a scheme that might have had its culmination long ago but for one important detail. Ruth did not know where the treasure was hidden. Nobody knew that except Maka, the old witch-doctor, and Maka——

When he reached this point in his reflections Varden suddenly bethought him of the packet that Maka had given him. That—he was sure of this now—undoubtedly contained the key to the situation; the secret not only of the treasure but of Ruth's strange circumstances as well; and the American meant to open it and get at the root of the mystery before he was an hour older.

Jumping to his feet, he started back around the wall of the big cave toward a spot where the light from above seemed to offer a sufficient illumination for his purpose. Intent as he was upon his own thoughts he forgot for a little the dangers which surrounded him and he failed to note a number of dark shadows which crept toward him from among the mass of stalactites. The first knowledge that something was wrong came to him in the sound of a swift patter of bare feet on the stone floor and he went down under an avalanche of hairy bodies. For a few seconds he struggled wildly, then something crashed on his head, a thousand tiny sparks danced and swam in his eyes, and he lost consciousness.

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## Two and Three.

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"That's right," agreed the Thin Man. "A dollar ain't worth more'n forty cents right now."

"Yes, and our nickels are worthless," added the Fat Man. "They are made out of junk. I understand the Government is letting them go for two and three cents apiece."

"I'd like to get some at two and three cents apiece," ventured the Thin Man.

"I'll let you have all you want at that price," said the Fat Man.

But the Fat Man started to grin while the Thin Man was fishing in his pocket for change, and the Thin Man saw the joke.

## French Ignorance.

"THE French are very ignorant of America."

The speaker was Gen. Horace Townsend. He went on:

"I had in Tours a French servant girl who was preparing to migrate to our shores. In buying her outfit she wanted to go in heavily for furs and fur linings, but I said to her:

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"'Indeed it is, then,' said the girl, and she tossed her head. 'You can't fool me, monsieur le general. Isn't it the United States that all our frozen meat comes from?'"

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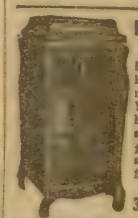

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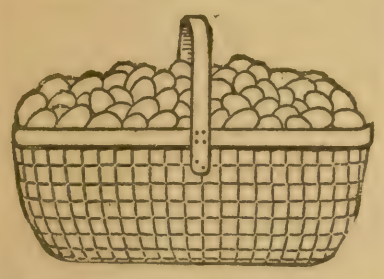

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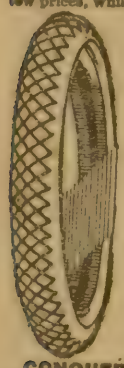

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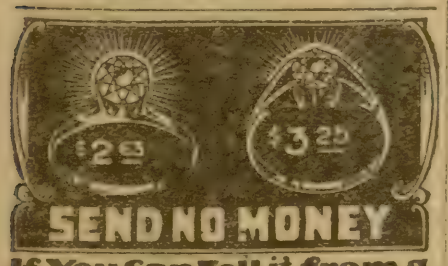


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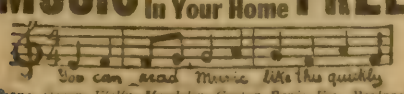


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# GOING UP

## By Charles Fulton Oursler

CHAPTER II.
HAG-RIDDEN.

BENDING low because of the roof-beams, they scrambled across the creaking floor timbers, and thrust aside the tattered old curtain in the dormer window.

The moon had risen. Wild, and dark, and rugged, mountains and valley lay before them, with a cluster of twinkling lights far down the heights toward Frederick. No living thing appeared.

Yet the sound of the galloping horse was even then in their ears. On the frozen ground the hoofs beat furiously, louder and louder, as if at the next moment steed and rider must rush forth before their startled gaze. They waited in feverish, dazed excitement. Nearer and nearer came the clatter of trampling feet—the sharp, clear ring of an iron shoe against a stone—and then a deep-throated neigh.

Pressing their foreheads against the cold glass of the windowpane—they had struggled furiously to raise the window, but failed—Bobby and Skip knew not what to expect. Their common sense told them there could be no such thing as a ghost, a phantom, an apparition. Such things were the delusions of unbalanced minds. Yet the strange story written in the dusty diary of Judge Culberson had impressed them. And now—at the very hour of which the long-dead Judge had been afraid, at the very hour and in the very place where he had been tormented by visions of an avenging faggot on a nag, rushing on the night winds—now, they who did not believe, stood transfixed in wonderment and dismay, the while they listened to the beating measure of a horse's hoofs, and its equine cry that echoed thru the darkness of the mountain solitudes.

Scarcely had the neighing of the animal ended when a new sound, a different sound, a cry of horror infinitely more sinister, more menacing, rose and pierced the silence like a rapier. The shrill screech of a jaguar; the wild, moaning yell of the mountain lion, the hellish, nameless horror of a d—d thing—it was these, all of these and something more. Something human was in that mourning shriek; something that cried out the woe of a spirit tormented.

Across the shaking, trembling trees the sound shrilled and moaned and wavered and grew faint, until it died.

Silence—the appalling silence of the mountain midnight—enfolded the top of Shadrach Mountain like a shroud. The galloping hoofs were heard no more; all was quiet and night.

Bobby looked at Skip and Skip looked at Bobby, and for a moment neither spoke. What they had heard had shaken them with a superstitious force which at first quite overcame them. Neither believed in the supernatural. Neither were physical cowards. Yet both were chilled with queer, crawling, nervous twitches. In that shriek there had been an infernal quality that pricked the gooseflesh; and why had they heard a horse on the mountain at such an hour? The sprawling pages of the Culberson diary seemed to propound an answer.

But their reaction came quickly. Bobby's jaw settled into its most aggressive angle and his fists were clinched. Skip moved for the door.

"Let's hurry!" cried Bobby.

Down the rickety steps they raced, their careless feet clattering loudly, the echoes calling from rooms and corridors. Without pausing for hats, they hastened to the front porch and out under the dome of a blinking million of stars.

No visible trace remained of the horse which they felt certain they had heard. Tho the moonlight sprayed the landscape with its glimmering gray-blue, illuminating the farthest reaches and exposing in silver patches the twisting roadway below, there was no sign of living or moving thing. Bobby began seriously to question himself—he was already beginning to believe it all a delusion.

But Bobby was of a practical mind, that fretted at speculation and theorizing. He knew that both he and Skip could not have been deluded at the same time. And they had both heard the same cries. He called Skip closer and debated the situation.

Both wanted tangible evidence. They had heard certain sounds. They had seen nothing. Hoofprints were almost out of the question. On the frozen earth there was little chance of any impressions being found. Yet Bobby and Skip made a wide circuit of the house, closely examining the ground, and they had finally reached the starting point, discouraged and puzzled what next to do, when Skip gave a little chortle of joy.

"What's that?" he demanded.

He was pointing with pantomimic eloquence at something only a yard or so from his right foot. It was small and white. Bobby saw it, rushed toward it, and bent to his knee. A low cry came from his lips.

"Foam!" he exclaimed. "A fleck of foam. It's from the mouth of a speeding horse!"

Straightening up, he faced Skip soberly. It was the tangible evidence they had sought. There had been no mistake. What they had heard had not been the phantasm of overwrought imaginations, stimulated by an old diary. A horse had been here; a living horse—not a specter!

Shivering in the bitter cold of the night air, Bobby was about to suggest that they return to the house, when Skip suddenly leaped forward. His eyes were glittering like a man possessed. As if suddenly overpowered by a demon within, his thin, wiry arms encircled Bobby's waist with the speed of a bolt of lightning. With bewildering suddenness, Bobby was jerked backward. Before the protesting yell could be born on his lips, Skip's palm had closed his mouth. And before Bobby knew what had happened to him, he found himself hurled to the floor of the porch, in the deepest shadow, behind the rail.

Skip had acted with decision. And there was need for it.

Far away they heard the dull thudding coming again—the return of the galloping horse. Louder and louder grew the sounds; the thing was rushing forward at furious, plunging, death-mocking speed, the rhythm of its flying hoofs pounding the hard sod like the fierce beating of a drum.

"Look!" cried Bobby. "There!"

They saw it at last. Fast as a whirling wind it came out of the forest gloom into the peaceful glamor of the moon. A fearful thing upon which to look at midnight—a racing, heedless, foaming


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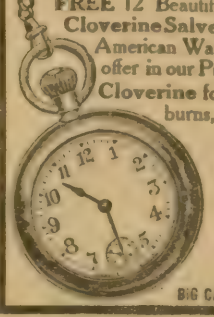

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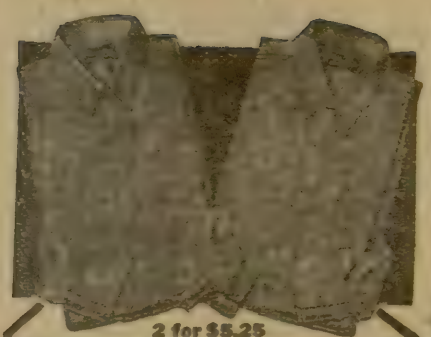

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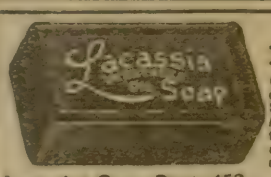


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black horse, ridden by an unearthly being. Horse and rider seemed like the mad visions of spectral frights in dreams. The animal was gasping, as if whipped to the limit of its life; its long, streaming neck stretched low and far; its eyes blazing. From its swelling sides rose clouds of steaming vapor—and its smoking coils unwrapped and distorted the ghastly creature astraddle the steed.

SQUATTING on the horse's back, lashing its sides spitefully with a short, leather thong, mouthing, chattering, blaspheming was the ungodliest old woman ever beheld. Her legs curled beneath her crimson skirt, she crouched forward easily, unafraid, boisterous. In the brief moment that she passed before their startled vision, Bobby and Skip got an unforgettable impression. They saw the bony, shriveled figure, hunched close, cloaked in black velvet cape. From its edges waved stray wisps of scrawny white hair. Her withered, evil face, with its sagging cheeks and its venomous, glittering eyes were turned toward the house, and her moving lips seemed muttering curses. The long, fleshless arms outstretched—the bare, corded neck, greenish in the shine of the moon—all were photographed on their minds in that one fleeting instant.

Horse and hag, they rushed into that moon-beamed space and for a moment were revealed. And ere she disappeared, she threw back her head, her mouth opened wide, so that its fangs showed yellow, and from her throat rose out that blood-curdling cry. Sharp and shrill and cutting it wailed; then was suddenly ended as the darkness of the forest edge swallowed them up.

"After them!" cried Bobby dazedly.

It was want of something to do, not hope of reaching them, that set them running across the ground in pursuit. And when they arrived panting at the fringe of the woodland, they paused.

No sound came to their ears. Rider and ridden were gone—vanished into the night—utterly and completely disappeared. And the profound hush, the stern stillness of the night in high places, overspread all the mountain.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE HAUNTERS HAUNTED.

BOBBY and Skip went straight to the kitchen.

By mutual, tho unspoken understanding, they hurried there with the least posible loss of time. Chilled from their vigil on the cold mountain slope, they found its serene warmth a welcome relief, and for a little while they hovered over the stove range, shivering and warming their hands, and neither spoke. Then Bobby found the rocker and lighted a cigarette. Skip poured fresh water into the coffee pot, and removing an iron lid from the stove, set the pot on the coals.

"It wasn't any ghost!" declared Bobby at last.

Skip did not reply; he was busy pouring coffee into two enormous blue and white china mugs. Without seeking further for sugar or milk they drank it happily. But when warmed to his 'innards,' Skip dropped his tunic of taciturnity and became vocal with argument.

"Let's look at this thing intelligently," he proposed, with a final gulp of coffee. "I agree with you that the old crone on the dobbin was not an apparition. She was a regular, honest-to-God old she-woman—and she had some mighty important object in her bean. No sensible or conservative old lady would care to take a horseback ride under such circumstances. Depend upon it, she's not yelping and howling around these premises without some mighty good reason!"

"I'm going to find out that reason," said Bobby grimly.

"Right. And what kind of motive can we look for? Let us consider the possibilities. Has some one stolen our idea? I mean, is there some one else up here trying to make this house haunted and then sell it to Professor Salisbury?"

"Gee, we haven't had a chance to do any haunting ourselves," reflected Bobby. "But I don't think your idea there is worth anything. It would be too great a coincidence."

Skip, who was busy washing the coffee cups at the sink, looked sagely back over his shoulder.

"Maybe," he conceded. "But suppose that strange female in Rabinowitz's office had overheard any of your conversation. The gal that wanted to buy the house, I mean. Maybe that doesn't put an idea in your head—no?"

Bobby considered this proposition thoughtfully.

"That young lady was mysterious—she was veiled—and all of that," he admitted, "but I can't imagine her riding a horse. She just wasn't built to double up like our nocturnal friend, if you get what I mean."

Skip removed his greasy gingham apron and replaced it on the nail with some symptoms of exasperation.

"Then, who in h—l is the old thing?" he demanded querulously.

"Might be Rabinowitz himself," Bobby suggested. "He was the guy who first thought of this merry little scheme. Maybe he thought we would bungle the works. Or maybe he wanted to pump us full of real conviction. He's a queer duck, anyhow!"

"Well, returned Skip, with elaborate irony, "judging from your description of Rabinowitz that must be the correct solution. True, Rabinowitz is a dumpy, fat lump of dough—what does that matter? The oldish person we saw on the nag is Rabinowitz. Ouch! Have some more coffee!"

Bobby shook his head sadly. There was no doubt about it—the old lady and Rabinowitz could not have been one and the same person. Skip suddenly had an idea. Setting the mugs back on their shelf with meticulous care, he turned and whispered:

"Suppose your uncle didn't die? Suppose he——"

"Cut it out!" snapped Bobby. "I was at the funeral. He's dead all right!"

Silence followed—a long, soundless pause, while Skip scratched his nose industriously.

The process seemed to reward him with a new idea.

"Bobby!" he gasped. "What's your friend's name—Louise Lorne? What was she doing up in these mountains, so mysteriously and everything, eh? How about her?"

For answer, Bobby rose stiffly and confronted his chum with a pose that, to an imaginative person, might have implied belligerancy.

"Look here, Skip," he grated warningly. "Don't you let any such little idea creep into your weak mind again. That young lady is a member of one of New York's nicest families—and without a question, she is New York's very nicest girl. Once upon a time she and I were engaged to be married. We quarrelled because she wanted to have a career—and then get married. But I know that young lady—I know her so well—that whatever else she might do, she would never be so undignified as to ride a horse under such circumstances. And please don't mention her name in any such connection again, if you value the unmarred contour of your physiognomy!"

"Yes, sir!" answered Skip, gravely, making a military salute. "Aye, aye, sir!"

BOBBY walked over to the kitchen window and looked out. When he turned, there was a look as of one who has seen a great light, across his face.

"Why, I've got it!" he announced. "Old Mrs. Santa Claus, of course—the old woman who wouldn't let us in here and who has since disappeared—now, don't tell me that old woman couldn't ride a horse. She could ride anything!"

"But why should she do a thing like that?"

"Why? Why, to scare us away from here, of course. That's why they beat it. It's as plain as the nose on——"

Here Bobby paused. He halted because of the expression on Skip's face—a look of surprise, aided and abetted by an ingratiating grin. He was staring hard at the kitchen door. And then Bobby realized that they had visitors—unannounced callers who had come noiselessly in upon them.

It was the old lady and her husband about whom they had been talking.

Both were closely wrapped in coats and blankets against the chill of the night, and their weazened faces could barely be discerned thru their multitude of coverings. This fact contributed to delaying an understanding which the old couple were plainly endeavoring to bring about by courtesies, smirks, bows and flourishes. It was several minutes before Bobby and Skip realized that these were not the periginations and convolutions of seniles, but well-intentioned gestures of good will. The old pair were trying to "make-up."

"Good evening," said Bobby politely, when this vast truth began to permeate his understanding.

"Be this Mr. Culberson?" wheezed the old man, his head cocked pertly, playfully, at an acute angle.

"It be," Bobby assured him gravely.

"Well, do tell! My name's Melchizadek Hope. This is my wife, Charity. Now, Mr. Culberson, please don't hold that shotgun agin us. You know, well as I do, that old folks like us gits powerful set in their ways and cranky as Tophet. So you must forgive Charity—she didn't mean nuthin a-tall!"

"You draw yer tongue in, you old loud-mouthed fool!" interposed Mrs. Charity Hope in a vociferous squeak. "Tryin' to lay the blame on me! Mr. Culberson, don't mind him. He ain't quite right in his head! I've brought him around now, and you won't have no more trouble. There's lot of things," she continued, drawing nearer and shaking her head mysteriously, "that we'll be wanting to talk over some morning. But now I know you're tired, and in this devil-chased place, you want all the sleep you can get. If you young men are ready, I'll show you to your room."

"What do you mean—devil-chased?" asked Bobby eagerly.

"Ain't you heard? Why, the whole countryside's talking about it. There's a big piece in the Frederick papers—and the farmers are talking about a possey and everything. They do say——"

"Now, Charity," interrupted the old man, "these young men want to go to bed. You know what we said."

"That's right," agreed the old woman. "We're not agoin' to talk until tomorrow morning!"

And in spite of the united pleadings of Bobby and Skip, nothing more on the subject could be drawn from the withered lips of Mr. and Mrs. Melchizadek Hope. So they followed the old lady, who bore a lighted oil lamp in her trembling hand, up the stairs to the room she had decided would be theirs for the night.

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the rear of the house. It was the same into which they had looked, during their search earlier in the evening and had surmised to be the one reserved for the visits of Bobby's uncle when he was alive. A curious feature about it was, that tho it was on the second floor, its window was only a few feet from the ground. This was due to the fact that the house was built on sloping ground, so that the rear of the second floor was almost on a level with the earth.

After telling them to make themselves at home, the old lady stood in the doorway, the rays of the oil lamp, casting a weird glow over her face, and a distorted, shuddering shadow on the floor. She had lighted another lamp for them on the stout walnut chest of drawers at the other end of the room.

"Yes," she observed, with that quick, sucking intake of the breath, common to old people, "this was your uncle's room, Mr. Culberson. It was also the room in which the man who built this house used to sleep—the old witch-killer who came from Salem. Sleep—well, sirs! Good night!"

She laughed gently, and with a last squint at them, turned and closed the door behind her. They heard her footsteps die away down the creaking stairs.

Then they faced each other.

"She couldn't do it!" declared Skip with conviction.

"Couldn't do what?"

"That old woman couldn't ride on a horse!"

"Well," insisted Bobby, "where have they been all this time? Why are they so all-fired nice to us, all at once? What's between them, anyhow?"

He waited, but Skip made no vocal reply. Instead, he made elaborate signals with his arms, the general message of which was that Bobby should refrain from speaking and let his ears concentrate.

Skip's hearing, always acute, had not been deceived. From somewhere in that room there came a sound. It was a low, dull, suffering groan.

The two stared at each other, in hushed awe and amazement. Then Bobby pointed at the door of a closet. There was no doubt of it—the groans came from behind that door.

On tip-toe, they approached it, Skip drawing his revolver. Bobby was there first, and it was his hand that closed about the knob. With a fierce jerk, he pulled open the door. A surprising revelation awaited them.

Huddled on a bundle of old clothes on the floor, lay the unconscious form of a young and beautiful girl.

"Good God!" cried Bobby. "It's Louise Lorne!"

### CHAPTER IV.

### "OPEN THAT DOOR!"

ON THE bed, where they placed her, lay Louise, white, fragile, beautiful. Across her brow was a slight splotch of bruise; her golden hair had dropped like a cascade of sunshine down over her shoulders where it lay against the blue serge of her coat. And as Bobby bathed her temples, he told himself, over and over again that she was beautiful—thrilling, gloriously, heart-breakingly beautiful.

Skip stood near by with a bowl of water in his hands and a resentful glitter in his eyes.

"Huh!" he grunted, as Bobby tenderly stroked the girl's forehead, smoothing back a stray wisp of hair. "Now I guess the mystery is solved. She's the fairy little ghost that's been gallivanting around this place. And maybe she's the old woman on the horse as—excuse me! You don't have to look at me like that. I'm shut! But I hate to see a fellow look like you do this minute—like Lou Tellegin with a pain in the stomach!"

Bobby paid no heed to the unromantic comments of his friend. He stroked the pale cheeks of the girl, and passed the wet handkerchief soothingly across her temples.

"What do you suppose she was doing in there?" demanded Skip.

"Accident!" shot back Bobby. "Don't ask me what kind of an accident—but I know d—n well it was an accident!"

Skip shifted the bowl of water from his right hand to his left.

"It's all wrong!" he complained. "Any man's entitled to a night's sleep. And now a woman gets in here—and I guess we'll have to get out and give her the room. And—oh, good Lord! I bet that's it!"

"What?" asked Bobby without turning.

"Murder!" Skip's voice sank to a dramatic whisper. "I bet that unholy pair downstairs tried to kill the little girl there and put her in the cupboard—they meant to blame it on us!"

Louise opened her eyes as Skip finished speaking. They were large eyes, blue with a sparkle of starlight. For a moment she stared unseeingly at the ceiling. Then her hand went up to the injury on her forehead. Bewilderment struggled in her expression; then suddenly she sat bolt upright and stared at Bobby.

"You—you caught me!" she gasped, and sank weakly back upon the pillow.

"Louise," murmured Bobby, bending over her tenderly. "Dearest, don't excite yourself. Be quiet for just a little——"

But that was as far as he got. Louise raised herself again and stared at him with unconcealed scorn.

"How did I come here?" she demanded.

"We found you here—unconscious—in the cupboard," explained Bobby.

FOR a moment she studied him, distrustfully. Then recollection came to her, and she gave a quick, remembering glance into the open closet.

"I know!" she murmured. "I was hiding there! And in the dark my head struck a nail—and I must have fainted. So that's how you found me!"

"We heard you groaning, dear," answered Bobby.

She darted him a quick glance.

"Dear?" she repeated. "Why, Bobby! What would Hetty Delton say to that? I'm surprised at you. Won't you get my hat from—Oh, thank you, Mr.——?"

Her voice ended in a question, as Skip smilingly held out her turban.

"This is Skip Jones," introduced Bobby savagely. "He doesn't like women, anyway, and besides I can't stop for formalities now. Listen to me, Louise, I'm——"

"I'm delighted to meet Mr. Skip Jones," coolly interposed Louise, offering Skip her hand. Skip took it gratefully. His tirade interrupted, Bobby stood glowering by.

"Louise!" he challenged. "Won't you listen to me? I've broken with——"

"Now, Bobby," the girl answered lightly, as she stood erect on the floor, "you mustn't—really. I've got to hurry. I'm late now! And I must go alone!"

For the instant, Bobby was stupefied. He couldn't get his breath. He just stared at her in holy wrath.

"Hurry?" he spluttered at last. "Do you think I'm going to let you leave this house at an hour like this? Louise, are you out of your senses?"

She smiled at him roguishly.

"No, Bobby—but I heard what Mr. Jones said just now about being sleepy, and I wouldn't put you out for the world!"

"Oh, Miss Lorne!" cried Skip in anguish, "I didn't know you were listening—I mean, I didn't mean it, anyway. We can sleep out on the roof, or anywhere. Don't——"

"No, no! I didn't really mean that, Mr. Jones. What I mean is that I must hurry away from here at the very earliest moment!"

But during that last moment of conversation, Bobby had stolen a march on her. The door was locked, and the key was in his pocket.

"You're locked in," he said sternly. "The mountain is not safe for any girl, alone, at this hour. If you will allow me to accompany you——"

"Impossible!"

"Then here you remain!"

A gleam of something like approval came in her eyes, just for a moment. The man brave enough to boss a woman around for her own good makes her his willing slave for life, anyway. But the gleam did not last long. It was succeeded by a vague, dull stare and another low moan, as Louise staggered back, clutching for support at the edge of the chest.

"Air!" she begged in a muffled tone. "Give me air!"

The gallant Skip responded, for he was nearest the window, and threw it up. Bobby called a warning, but it was too late. Skip had led Louise to the open window; she struggled an instant, and Skip went staggering back, unable to recover himself, while the girl, with a laugh, darted thru the window and jumped.

"D—n fool, you!" roared Bobby, scrambling toward the window. He and Skip collided, and it was another minute before they were looking out. And then they saw something that paralyzed them with astonishment.

Louise was running swiftly across the slope, making straight for the trees at the fringe of the forest. Behind her crept a lurking shadow, scouring the ground in swift, noiseless pursuit. Rapidly it was overtaking her.

"Look out, Louise!" yelled Bobby, as he leaped. Skip was right behind him. No sooner had they hit the ground than they started racing across the slope, yelling as they ran.

Louise heard, but did not turn. The creature that pursued her also heard and turned. And then they saw that it was the hag—the old woman, on foot now, and scampering swift as a hare.

With a sudden yell the old woman overtook Louise and pounced upon her with merciless fury. There was a struggle, and then the old woman stood erect, the limp form of Louise in her skinny arms. Her triumphant shriek rent the heavens.

"We've got her! She can't run with the girl!" panted Bobby, redoubling his efforts.

But the old woman had not shrieked in vain. In answer to that banshee call, there trotted from the shadow of the trees, a white horse. It was the work of an instant to throw the girl across its back—to mount—to ride galloping off in the darkness.

Before Bobby and Skip could yell for help she was out of sight.

### CHAPTER V

### MR. RABINOWITZ HAS A VISITOR.

MR. MORRIS RABINOWITZ has a system for opening his morning mail.

Long habit has made him an expert in the dissection of correspondence. To his appraising eyes and pudgy fingers experience has imported a rare, telepathic instinct which enables him instantly to flip circulars and bills into the wastebasket without disturbing seal or flap; to thrust aside for his leisurely pleasure complaints, inquiries and acknowledgments, and immediately, on the second,


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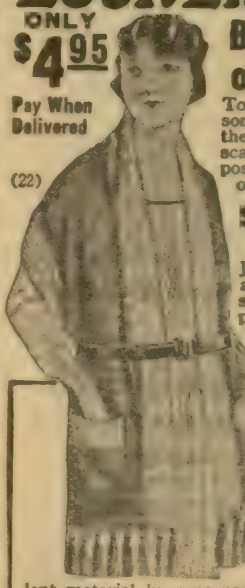


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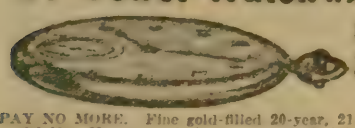

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to abstract those missives containing negotiable cuttings of paper in greens, blues and buffs. He has, in this particular operation, the skill of a vaudeville mind reader. Mr. Rabinowitz can tell without opening them which of his letters have checks in them.

It was while thus pleasantly engaged, on the morning following the departure of his client, Mr. Robert Culberson, for the house on Shadrach Mountain, that Mr. Rabinowitz received the first of what subsequently proved to be a series of shocks.

Mamie, his stenographer, was engaged in the triple occupation of chewing gum, rubbing her nails and looking at the pictures in a morning newspaper, incidentally guarding the entrance to Mr. Rabinowitz's august presence. The door opened and a young lady entered.

"Is this the office of Mr. Rabinowitz?" asked the young lady, her voice cool and languid and superior.

A pause, while Mamie coldly studied this new phenomenon.

"That's what all them letters on the front door is supposed to indicate to people what can read," she stated.

Her visitor only smiled and asked if Mr. Rabinowitz was in. Before Mamie could draw further upon her reservoir of sarcasm, Rabinowitz himself appeared in the doorway, grinning and beaming tentatively—not too glowingly, in case the fair caller should prove to be an agent or a book saleswoman; but glowingly enough should she be a client.

"This is Mr. Rabinowitz himself!" he announced ponderously. And meanwhile he studied her, and informed himself that he was in the presence of Class, with a capital C. And Rabinowitz was right; there was Class written all over the smart, tailored costume, the gorgeous furs, the saucy turban. Surrounded by all this magnificence, the girl's face, cherubic, not to say angelic, with rounded, beatific curves, quite overpowered Rabinowitz.

In her gloved hand was a chain, at the other end of which shivered two pounds and seven ounces of woolly hair. This minute animal rejoiced in the generic term of dog.

"Good morning Mr. Rabinowitz," exclaimed the young woman, extending her hand with a queen's condescension. "I am Miss Delton—Hetty Delton, daughter of Hilary Delton. I suppose you have heard of my father?"

Mr. Rabinowitz made a gurgling, guttural sound, lacking volume or intelligibility. His head was dizzy. Hilary Delton's daughter in his office? Oi, yoi! Hilary Delton, the man who made so much money out of Fort Worth oil? Two ois and a yoi! For why was his daughter here? Aha!

"Good morning," he managed to articulate, handling Hetty's gloved hand as if it were a strange fish. "Won't you and your bloodhound come in and sit down?"

As Hetty passed with a wellbred swagger into the sanctum of Rabinowitz, Mamie shifted her gum from starboard to port, arched her eyebrows, expanded her chest measurement, pressed down her waist line with both hands and sniffed audibly.

Meanwhile, Mr. Rabinowitz exerted himself to the full to measure up to the responsibility Hetty's visit had imposed upon him. The lucre-stuffed mail he tossed with elaborate carelessness to one side. His beringed fingers drummed on his desk as he asked Miss Delton what he might do for her.

"Is is about land—that is, about a house," admitted Hetty. "I want to find out about that Culberson place down in Maryland."

This was talking business, and Rabinowitz grew dizzier than ever. Why should Delton's daugter be interested in that property? Oil, maybe? Aha!

"Yes?" he purred encouragingly.

"I want to buy that house!" declared Hetty.

"Your father sent you here, yes?" prompted Rabinowitz agreeably.

"This is not my father's business," protested Hetty. "It is my personal matter, and I don't care to have my father consulted about it in any way."

"Aha!"

She leaned forward and touched his wrist gently and smiled at him, while the little old dog sniffed more disapprovingly.

"Please don't ask me embarrassing questions," she pleaded. "It is a little secret of my own—and I haven't told a soul. We wealthy girls do not all live useless and empty lives, Mr. Rabstitch. I have a plan."

"Rabinowitz," he corrected, gravely. "What is your plan?"

Hetty dimpled at him demurely and told him she would never, never tell that—yet. Rabinowitz studied her appraisingly. All sorts of conjectures passed thru his mind.

"You are of legal age?" he asked her. "You can buy that place without asking your father?"

"Dear me, yes!"

"Aha! I'm afraid it wouldn't do, Miss Delton. Too much money. The place ain't worth it, but that young fellow, Bobby Culberson, is getting to be what you call a profiteer. He wants feefty thousand dollars for that house."

HETTY stared at him so disconcertingly that he spread wide his hands in an apologetic gesture and started to explain that property everywhere was high. But Hetty said something just then that choked him into silence.

"I will pay one hundred thousand dollars for that place," she said calmly.

Silence. An apoplectic quiet, with heaving of Mr. Rabinowitz's breath and rolling of same gentleman's eyes.

"A hoondred tousand dollars!" he echoed. "Oi—oi, yoi."

All of the accumulated racial caution of a thousand ancestors crumbled; all the acquired battlements of business acumen and shrewdness fell before those carefully enunciated words of Hetty Delton. A hundred thousand dollars for an old shack in the mountains, where God didn't know anybody! Shades of the prophets! Oi, yoi!

"A hoondred tousand dollars," repeated Rabinowitz weakly. "You mean it? Why? What is it about it what that—oi! For why? Speak to me yet, Miss Delton!"

"It's none of your affair what I want it for," returned Hetty with frigid dignity. "I have the money and I want to buy. What else matters to you?"

How Rabinowitz would have disposed of this question is one of the unsolved enigmas of history. He was never given the opportunity of making an answer.

Sounds came from the outer office—sounds and noises, in which Mamie's shrill tremulo predominated.

"I'm a'tellin' you you can't go in there, see?" Mamie was yelling. "There ain't nobody goin' in there until he gits thru with the sideshow that's in there now!"

Something undeniably like a scuffle followed, and a chair was overturned; Mamie said "D—n it," and gasped, and then the door was flung back by a victorious veiled woman, panting and triumphant, who stood haughtily before them.

"That is an outrageous creature," she said, "that you have at your outer desk. She should be boiled in oil! But perhaps she was only trying to do her duty. You must both forgive me, but again I am in a great hurry, and I still want to buy that property in Frederick County, Maryland. I would like to pay cash for it, now, Mr. Rabinhit—and settle the legal details later. You can just give me a receipt for the money, stating what it is for. I am willing to pay anything up to five thousand dollars!"

"Aha!" yelled Rabinowitz. "Lady, the name is Rabinowitz. Five thousand dollars for that place. Oi! Here's a lady has offered me already——"

"Telegram for Mr. Ratstitch!"

Mamie had gone to the lady's retiring room to wipe away her tears. The outer portals had been left unguarded. A redheaded, blue-uniformed youngster stood in the doorway, holding out a yellow envelope.

Rabinowitz, fluttering and disturbed, was glad of the respite, and signed for the message happily. Then he read it. It proved to be another shock. The telegram was from Frederick, Md., and read:

Rabinowitz:

Under no circumstances sell my property. It is not for sale.

ROBERT CULBERSON.

Hetty had carelessly put her "bloodhound" on a chair. And Rabinowitz sat down on both chair and bloodhound, gasping for air. Animated tableau! If you know what we mean.

**The third and last part of this short serial comes next week. It has a most amusing and unexpected twist at the end.**

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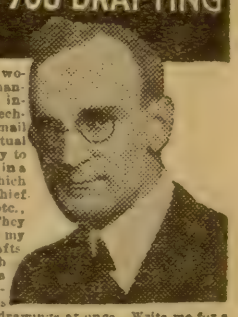

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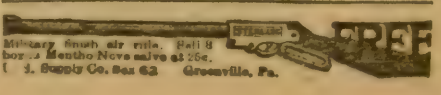

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# The Rubaiyat of 1920

(Continued From Page 8)

brought his girl to Omar's hotel for dinner of a Sunday night.

"I understand Cal Bullard was in to see him yesterday," confided Jed to his companions. "Parker told Cal he was resting up—on a vacation. I don't see how he gets away with it."

"Why don't you go after him, Jed?" slyly asked a young man upon whom Jed's ideas of his own importance at times jarred.

"I don't see where you get that, Carter," protested Jed. "When the chief of police don't get results, why pick on me?"

Outside, Parker had escorted Miss Forbes to a seat, and was bending over the rail of the rambling old hotel's broad porch with a hand stretched forth, feeling for rain.

"I don't reckon it will tonight, Mr. Parker, said Colonel Summerville, who was passing. "I've seen it like this before in the summer."

"You see we're in a peculiar place here," he continued. "Sometimes after hot days like this there's black clouds and a big rain over beyond Old Scar Top, and we won't get a drop. But that night the coldest and strongest wind you ever see comes tearing down thru the gap and nearly blows us away."

"I hope we have nothing of the sort tonight," Parker said.

"I don't know, suh," said the old man. "Seems like we're not spared much around here lately."

The quiet evening which they spent on the front porch of the hotel was as pleasant to Alice Forbes and Talbott Parker as their afternoon had been. Shortly after tea she started for her room after mutual assurances that they must see each other soon.

For some time Parker reclined in the depths of a big easy-chair smoking a good-night cigar. Then Colonel Summerville shuffled by mumbling to himself. On the way back he said to Parker: "Them race riots up North, suh, just put on the finishing touch. Ever since my nigger Sam heard about them blacks rushin' around in automobiles and shootin' white folks with automatics he's been no good at all."

The old man tugged in vain at one of the shutters which protected the office. Parker sprang to his feet and helped him make the shutter fast.

"Thanks, suh," said Colonel Summerville. "I'm not so young any more. Sam—you, Sam! He's gone. But you wait a minute, suh. You wait."

A moment later he ambled out with something in either hand. In the dimness of the porch he bent over. Then straightening, he said: "Now, suh; to better days!"

Parker found in his hand a small glass of whisky. He downed it with less apparent satisfaction than Colonel Summerville. The latter smacked his lips and said: "It won't be with us long. Drink while you can, suh. That's the end of the flask. And I've——" He stopped short, as if fearing he had overstepped.

Without another word he went around the house. Parker heard other slams and then the old man reappeared.

"The front door we never lock," he said. "So don't hurry yourself. . . . Feel that wind coming up?"

"Yes," said Parker, gazing out at the agitated boughs.

"Going to blow just like I told you. Maybe not so hard—maybe harder. Things will bang and whine all night, but it'll be fine and cool in the morning."

Parker rose to go inside. "Colonel Summerville," he said, "you're too old a man to worry along with a place like this. Why don't you sell out?"

The face of the old man, pale in the light which rifted out the door, felt pathetically. "Too late for that now," he said. "Once I had offers—but not now. You see where the town is. But they'll never shut me up. Here I've been for thirty years, and here I'll be until the end."

"Some one—Mr. Gray, I think—was saying you didn't wish to sell."

"I don't Mr. Parker. Who'd have the old buildin' but me, and what could it be used for but a hotel? The ground might make a good bean patch, with the hotel gone. But as long as they're together Omar and Omar's Hotel will go on."

THEY were interrupted by a messenger, who handed Parker a wire. At the sight of it Colonel Summerville drew away, with a trace of the same cold reserve with which he had treated Parker for the most part since Jed's discoveries.

Parker read the wire to himself. He smiled around like a man with good news to impart. But old Omar had left. So he went to his room, and to bed. For a long time he lay awake thinking happily, and not the least part of his happiness was an occasional memory of his afternoon with Alice Forbes. The ever-rising blast forced him once to get up and partly lower his window.

At last natural fatigue overcame him and he was lulled to sleep by the whipping of the gale in the great trees outside, and by the shivering and creaking of the old frame hotel. Only a moment after, it seemed to him he drifted into a dream that he was out camping. He was cooking beside a camp fire. Then the wind shifted and the smoke was driven into his face. Coughing and gasping, he sat up and reached for a match.

By its light he saw that his room was thick with a gaseous film which filtered in beneath the door and was sucked by the draft across his bed and out the window. He sprang to the door and tore it open. At the rear where the gale pushed against the old frame building was a reddish glow.

"Fire!" he cried, and darted back into the room. Jerking a suit over his nightdress he hastily tossed his shoes and other things into a capacious bag. Then he fled to the floor below.

Colonel Summerville, white and half clad, was hurrying into the office. Only now did Parker have time to begin to think connectedly.

"Miss Forbes," he cried. "Which room?"

Summerville, trying to make progress like a man in a nightmare, tried vainly to speak. Finally he gasped, "Fourth floor—rear."

Shouting "Fire!" to waken any others who might be in the house, Parker flew up the stairs. The fourth floor hall at the rear was choked with smoke. A back stairway there was acting as a roaring flue. Flames were at his very side when Parker shot his shoulder into the rearmost door. The room was empty. Gasping from the smoke he turned on the door opposite.

It was locked and failed to give. With all his might he kicked at a lower panel which smashed out. He crouched, trying to see inside. Simultaneously there was a muffled cry. He had the right room. Retreating across the hall he ran and, leaping into the air, planted at the center of the door a shock which was irresistible. The lock collapsed and he was standing unsteadily in the middle of the room.

A choking white figure was beside the bed. Thru the fog of smoke a red tongue, the first to enter the room, lighted it. In the flicker Parker found a dressing-gown which he threw about the girl, and started to guide her to the door. There was a gasping sob and her slight form was a dead weight in his arms.

Their flight to the lower part of the house was none too soon. Smoke was puffing thru every crack and the walls were hot. Making his way between men who were rushing the hotel's effects into the street, Parker carried the girl to a place of safety.

Standing for a moment on the opposite side of the street he saw great sheets of flame breaking out at the rear and roaring ravenously over the roof of the old firetrap. As he paused there, the unconscious girl in his arms, the red flames shadowed his tall figure fantastically on the building behind. And the flare in front lighted a strange look upon his face. It was like a smile of triumph.

Then he looked down upon the face of the girl, and the smile became one of tenderness. Holding her more closely he ran away toward where he had seen the home of a doctor. Under the care of the doctor and his kindly wife, Alice soon regained consciousness. Nothing ailed her, the doctor said, and with the doctor's wife to soothe her she was put to bed.

Parker returned to the scene of the fire, where he found his bag, forgotten since the moment he thought of the girl. Having placed it in safety he turned to the aid of the town's volunteer firemen. A stiff breeze was still blowing as dawn came on, and the firemen confined their efforts to preventing spread of the flames.

Parker did everything in his power to help them, laboring shoulder to shoulder with men who in weeks past had secretly cursed him. At full daylight Fairdale had been saved. But Omar's Hotel was only a charred framework. Leaving the firemen still throwing a little water, Parker turned his face toward the mountains from behind which a pink, fair day was emerging, and sought the home of the doctor.

"She's awake—and perfectly well," said the doctor's wife. "Were any of her things saved?"

"Nothing. Nobody could have gotten into the room after we left it."

"Then she wants you to ask Elsie Gib-


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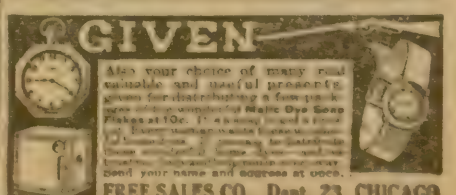

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son for the loan of her black dress until she can get out," said the doctor's wife.

"But I want to see her—" he began.

"Indeed, she wants to see you, too, but"—she lowered her voice with twinkling eye—"right now she's got on a dress of mine, and—look at the size of me!"

"All right," Parker laughed and was off. Half an hour later he was back on the porch awaiting breakfast. For the doctor had insisted on becoming host as well as medical adviser. Then Alice Forbes, very pale, but bewitching in Elsie Gibson's black dress, was placing her slender hand in his and thanking him.

AFTER breakfast, the doctor having departed and his wife being elsewhere, Parker's hand once more found that of Alice as they stood in the living-room. Then Alice Forbes herself was in the arms of the tall young man, the sun shining down over her golden hair and the becoming gown of Elsie Gibson.

"Your first dress must be just like this one," he said, as he took another kiss. "Not even enough different to be exclusive."

He drew away only on the promise that he would soon return. Alone he made his way to where all Fairdale was standing beside the charred skeleton of Omar's Hotel. The faces of the crowd were serious. But somehow the face of Talbott Parker could not bring itself to be downcast.

Beside the pitiful face of Col. Omar Summerville, who was standing in front of Mr. Gray's real estate office, with a little group which included Gray, Parker seemed almost to rejoice. But a sympathy with their loss made him more serious. He paused and silently looked with the others across the street at the smoking ruins.

"Omar," he heard Mr. Gray say, "You've favored me so often it's a shame I haven't a mite to warm you this morning."

Colonel Summerville shook his head violently. "No more for me, Milt," he said. "When the fire started I went to look for mine, but it was gone. Not enough that nigger Sam should leave the window open with wood embers in a broken stove. I don't want any, Milt. . . . Anyhow, I guess mine was the last outside the warehouse."

Parker stole silently away. In a moment he was back, a paper bag of something under his arm. He was smiling openly now, even as he came face to face with Colonel Summerville.

"Well, Colonel," he said, grasping the old man by the arm, "I suppose with the hotel gone, you wouldn't mind selling the lot."

Colonel Summerville turned almost angrily. "Young man," he admonished, "have some respect for my townsmen if you have none for me. Perhaps I'll have my insurance. But the way things are in Fairdale, suh, I'd lose money to get that lot ready for a pigpen."

"It's appraised at $3,000. How would a check for $5,000 do?"

Colonel Summerville stared at him dumbly.

"I mean business," said Parker. "Is it agreed?"

"Well—I——" the old man stammered.

"Come into the office," invited Parker. "Mr. Gray has an agreement of sale."

"Can I—shall I do this, Milt?" the Colonel quavered.

"You were wishing you could get the appraisal price the other day," said Gray. "I'd call it a good sale."

"Very well, Mr. Parker," said Colonel Summerville.

"Now, gentlemen," said Parker, "I can't offer rye as they used to do in binding agreements. But drink up a la future."

He tossed from the paper bag three bottles of a soft drink which he had purchased at a confectionery outside. "Now," he said, "that the Citro-Coola Company has bought the distillery and a fortunate fire provided the ground upon which it will build an administration building, I want you both to drink to all our futures."

As Colonel Summerville gasped silently, Mr. Gray said, "Then you got the Pembroke plant."

"A wire I got last night announced the purchase by my father and his associates Saturday in New York. My investigation here enabled us to outbid the others. Fairdale becomes the Western headquarters with myself in charge."

"What does it mean, Milt?" gasped Colonel Summerville.

"I've shared Mr. Parker's secret," said Gray. "And some laughs I've had over everybody thinkin' him a detective. I laugh, too, when I recall that night Jed saw him leave after inspecting the distillery in secret—the day they found the wire he addressed to an official of his company who happened to be at the Department of Justice in Washington for the day! Those were great clews for Jed!"

"You sure deceived me, Milt," said the Colonel, the first smile in days upon his haggard face.

"I'd have told you about him wantin' the lot," said Gray, "only we had to dodge the other people that's been lookin' at the distillery. The hotel wouldn't have done this company any good, so it's lucky it's burned."

"I'd be for givin' that nigger Sam a medal," mused Colonel Summerville. "If he only hadn't of got my liquor!

"Here comes Jed," said Parker. "You better give him the story. And just mention that I've got another piece of news—about Miss Forbes and myself. He was smiling now, and they saw that it was a smile of benefaction. Fairdale people began to crowd around Colonel Summerville and Mr. Gray, for they had seen them shake hands with Parker at the office door.

Parker went on a few steps. Then he stopped and looked away toward the mountains, where the fair, broad plateau lay among the foothills. There seemed a new Fairdale around him—one of the future. And up on the green plateau was a vision of a white colonial house—even on the lawn white flickering dots.

He sighed happily and improvised:

"Here in a Palm Beach suit beneath the bough,
A Citro-Coola, full of fizz, and thou
Beside me singing some entrancing jazz,
And dry U. S. is Paradise enow!"

"An idea for the advertising manager," he smiled, and turned. Some one was calling him back.

Colonel Summerville was following. "Mr. Parker," begged the old man, "come back and say a word to Corey. She's broke up over havin' no job this morning—and now she's cryin' because you ain't a detective!"

❧ ❧ ❧

## The Janitor's Wife.

THE janitor's wife was reminiscent.

"Oswald had a few of his friends downstairs last night. Did you hear the commotion?" she ased. "I thought maybe you would think it was a party and would object to the janitor having a good time once in a while. I know you wouldn't do that, Mrs. Finnigan; you and Mrs. Finnigan ain't that kind of people, but, not to mention any names, there are a lot of sour birds in this here apartment building who would like to see the poor janitor in misery all the time.

"Why shouldn't a janitor be happy? Should a janitor's wife, which I am proud of, be gloomed up all the time? Just because I don't care for society, is that why I should quit trying to be happy?

"Yes, Mrs. Finnigan, Oswald did have a party. And I'll admit that if a tenant made half as much noise they would get a ten days' notice and deserve it, But there was a reason. The janitors are just getting woke up to what good times they have been missing all those years.

"In the last seventeen years Oswald, my husband, or me have not gone out together one evening. Can you beat that? Do you know any other happy married couple with that record? In seventeen years I have not gone out one afternoon. All the time I hear the other ladies in the building talking about their clubs and bridge parties and afternoon teas and everything and I never got next to why I shouldn't be in on some of them.

"Oswald has been hearing the other ginks in the flats talking about their poker games and billiards and clubs and such, and it wasn't until a month ago his head got to working right and he tried to dope it out why he should not go out for a good time. Why shouldn't he put on some regular speed like the rest of the world?

"Well, Oswald got to talking it over with a few other jans and they started to look at each other kind of strange like. It made them dizzy at first when they thought about it, but at last they started to come to and ask the reason why it shouldn't be.

"One lad said he had wanted to go to a cabaret ever since they started and never could get away from the furnace. Another said he had been going with the same girl for nine years and never had a chance to take her to a dance, and she just loves dancing. Another said that for eleven years his lodge has been giving a masquerade on New Year's evening and he could never get away from the coal bin long enough to wash up and go—or even to not wash up and go.

"The boys talked it all over among themselves and now it is going to be so that a janitor must be as happy as a human being or the public has got to show us why it can't be done. And, as Oswald, my husband, says: 'Let them try and show us once.'

"Mrs. Finnigan," concluded the janitor's wife as she gathered up the vacuum carpet sweeper, "if you find the fire out in the basement some night you'll know what it means—it means we're out, too."

❧ ❧ ❧

## MODERN POETRY OF MOTION.

THE orchestra softly played
"Kiss Me Again."
She gazed into his eyes
And breathed a sigh,
"Your dancing is like a poem,"
She said.
"Yes, yes, go on," he
Murmured.
"An Amy Lowell poem;
The feet
Are all mixed up,"
She answered.


# CURED HIS RUPTURE

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 192G Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.



# Is Lack Of Iron In The Blood Dragging You Into The Torture Chamber Of Ill-Health?

### Physician Says Thousands Are Racked By Ill-Health Because They Have Let The Iron In Their Blood Run Low—

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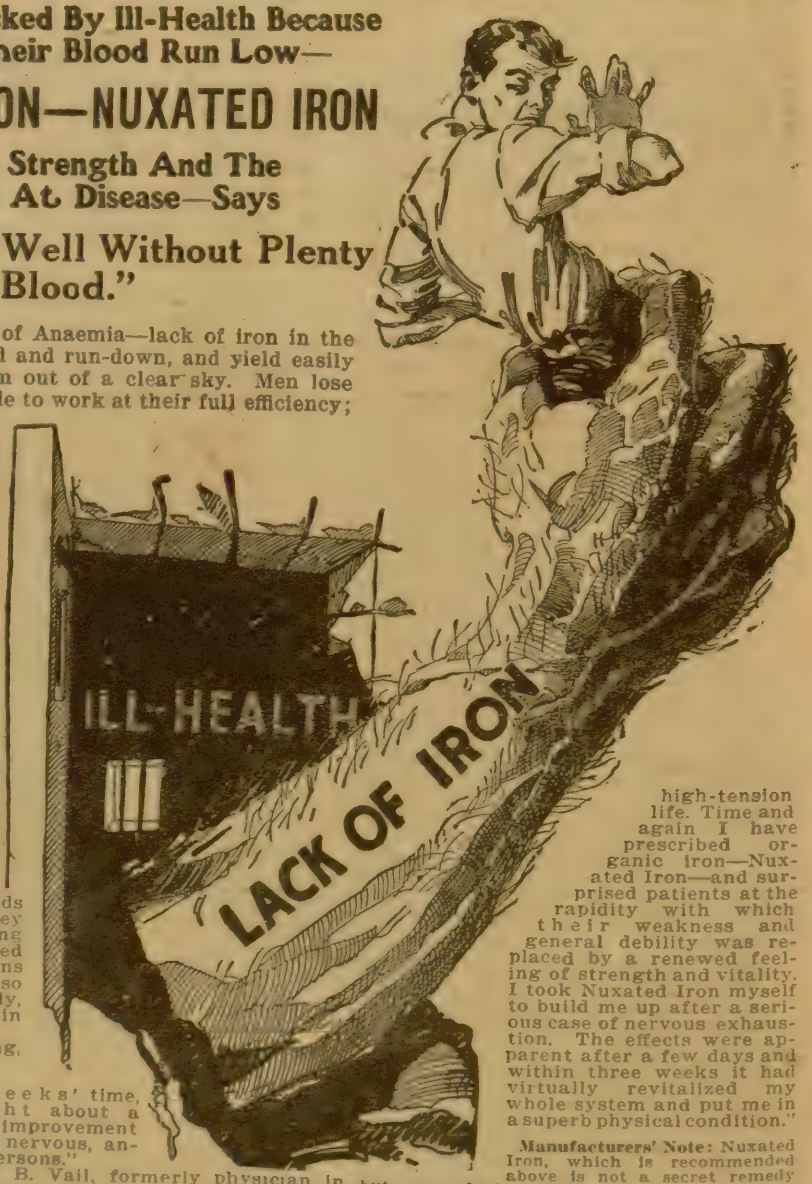


Thousands of people are held in the clutch of Anaemia—lack of iron in the blood—and in consequence they feel sickly, tired and run-down, and yield easily to every little ailment that seems to strike them out of a clear sky. Men lose time from their business, and never seem to be able to work at their full efficiency; and women find their household tasks terribly tiring and burdensome. They are condemned to the torture-chamber of Ill-Health, when in many cases their condition is due to nothing more or less than lack of iron in the blood. The strains and burdens of present-day life tend to drain the iron from the blood, and few of us lead the normal, vigorous life and eat the coarse iron-filled foods that would help to replenish the supply of iron. When the iron in the blood runs low, the blood becomes impoverished, thin, and anaemic, leaving us without the vitality to fight off sickness and infections, and it is the opinion of physicians that in such circumstances we should by all means quickly build up the supply of iron in the blood. Dr. John J. Van Horne, formerly Medical Inspector and Clinical Physician on the Board of Health of New York City, especially recommends organic iron—Nuxated Iron—as a tonic for the blood, because of its remarkable strength-giving, vigor-building properties.

"You cannot be strong and well without plenty of iron in the blood," says Dr. Van Horne. "Thousands are racked and tortured by ill-health because they have failed to build up proper defenses by keeping their blood rich in iron. Yet since impoverished blood can be so easily fed with organic iron by means of Nuxated Iron, it seems a great tragedy that so many people allow themselves to slip into a sickly, worn-out condition, as a result of letting the iron in the blood run low.

"Patients often ask me why there can be no strong, healthy men or really attractive women without plenty of iron in the blood. Merely for this reason—it is the iron in the red blood corpuscles that carries the oxygen we breathe throughout the body. If the iron in the blood thins out, the blood cannot carry enough oxygen to the millions of living cells in the human system, and they are literally strangled for lack of air, just as the body is strangled if the lungs cannot breathe in the life-giving oxygen.

"If your blood lacks iron, my own recommendation is that you do not trifle with dangerous substitutes but get the genuine Nuxated Iron, because of its power to build red blood, strength, and sturdy health. I have had excellent results with Nuxated Iron; it has often, in two weeks' time, brought about a marked improvement in pale, nervous, anaemic persons."

Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner says: "Throughout my experience on Hospital Staffs and as a Medical Examiner, I have been astonished at the number of patients who have doctored themselves vainly for various diseases, when in reality their delicate, run-down state was simply the result of lack of iron in the blood, frequently brought on by modern methods of cookery and the strain of the present-day high-tension life. Time and again I have prescribed organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and surprised patients at the rapidity with which their weakness and general debility was replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality. I took Nuxated Iron myself to build me up after a serious case of nervous exhaustion. The effects were apparent after a few days and within three weeks it had virtually revitalized my whole system and put me in a superb physical condition."

**Manufacturers' Note:** Nuxated Iron, which is recommended above is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Each tablet of genuine Nuxated Iron is stamped as follows and the words Nuxated Iron are stamped into each bottle, so that the public may not be led into accepting inferior substitutes. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

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**The Improved Model, 4-H. P. Ottawa Log Saw.**

One man wheels this outfit from cut to cut and log to log like a barrow. Separate attachments cut down trees and cut up branches. Extra power lets the engine do heavy work of all kinds. Owners of the Ottawa Log Saw laugh at coal shortages and are making big money with ease, the machine doing the work. 35 to 50 cords cut any day, rainy or dry, by one man, are normal figures. And wood is approaching $20 a cord! The Ottawa is compact, simple and durable. It sells for cash or easy payments and is guaranteed. If you have wood to cut the Ottawa Log Saw will be the most satisfactory machine you've ever owned. We suggest that you write the Ottawa Mfg. Co., 3514 Wood St., Ottawa, Kas., for their complete new illustrated book and prices, sent free to all readers of this paper.

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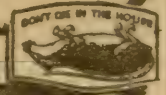


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# Almost

(Continued From Page 13)

of his quaint office boy. He began to wonder if, perhaps, he was not ill, or at least the possessor of some good symptoms along that line. The thought of sickness seemed to have a quality of a pleasing nature in it. He had always hated it, but now he felt somehow that if he could catch something worth while, some disease, maybe no girl would want him, or rather the girl. Outside of a rather rapid pulse he could find nothing of a hopeful nature. He must be healthy. The thought, however, stuck.

Henrietta came over to his desk about this time.

"Where do we lunch today, dear?" she asked softly.

"Lunch? Lunch? Oh, yes, of course, lunch. Anything you say, Miss—Henrietta, anything you say."

"I said 'where' not 'what,'" said Henrietta. "And why don't you call me 'dear' or some name like that? I call you lots of different ones, 'dear,' 'darling,' 'pettie——'"

"Ye Gods," hissed Mr. Browning. "This is an office. You must treat it like an office and not like a——"

"Leafy bower by the river or a cozy corner?" added the girl "But we are engaged, and besides nobody could hear."

"Well, there's Albert," complained Arthur.

"The dear lad! I don't mind him," she laughed.

"Well, we ought to try and keep the office looking like one. And about lunch—you can be thinking. Anything that suits you suits me. I don't give a d—n where I eat."

"Why—why Arthur, you—you said a bad word!"

"I'm sorry. I hope you'll excuse——"

"I love you for it. My cave man," softly breathed the girl, as she stole back to her desk.

In the next thirty minutes Arthur thought on. And as he thought on a germ developed into an idea, an idea worthy of a general, or at least a colonel. He would work it over and when it was polished he would spring it.

IT WAS during the latter part of the luncheon when Arthur decided to spring his idea. It had to be sprung some time and the quicker the better, he thought.

"You know, Henrietta," he began, twisting one end of his napkin, "I'm going to a doctor. I'm going to be gone over."

"Doctor? Gone over?" breathed Henrietta in astonishment.

"Yes. There is something the matter with me; I feel it. For all I know, I may have some awful thing, some taint. You wouldn't want to marry a man who was not healthy, would you?"

"No—no, I suppose not. But—I had not thought of you as being ill. Of course, you are not an athlete but you look well—and handsome," she hurriedly added, with a flash of her eyes.

Arthur blushed.

"All the same, it's a good idea," he persisted. "I think I ought to go right away. If there is anything the matter, it should be known."

Henrietta, once shown the way, was a woman of action.

"We will see a doctor at once," she said, crisply.

"We?"

"Yes. You don't suppose I'm going to let you go by yourself and have some man with whiskers scare you? My place is by your side."

"But——"

"We will go now, this minute. We have half an hour and there are several doctors in the building next to ours."

"But it seems to me——"

"Now let me manage this affair," interrupted Henrietta. "I know what is right. You'd probably go and let this doctor scare you into being sick even tho you might be perfectly well. And you'd forget everything he told you, anyway. I'm going to have it put in black and white."

"Black and white?" gasped Arthur.

"Certainly. You believe in efficiency?"

"I used to. I have been thinking lately it could be carried too far."

"Nonsense. I have no patience with anybody who is not thoro and methodical. Now, we shall go to this doctor and have it done thoroly."

"Very well. But I know I am ill. I have a sudden inner knowledge that there is something wrong with me."

"That is our business to find out. Come."

There was no getting out of it. He would have to go with her to the physician. The idea was unpleasant; indeed, he was not at all sure that it was proper. However, Henrietta had a way of making everything seem proper and apparently there was no other way than to tag along after her in the direction of the doctor's office.

They found one where Henrietta had surmised and soon put the case before him, or rather Henrietta did.

"I thought maybe—perhaps, I might have some ailment," announced Arthur. "It seemed the right thing to do, to find out for sure."

"Hum," answered the doctor. "Where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"The pain."

"Pain? Oh, I haven't any real pain, you know, nothing sharp like a stomach ache. Nothing like that."

"Have you a sort of gone feeling?"

"Gone?" repeated Arthur. "Gone? I think that's it. I do feel sort of gone, now you mention it."

"Um. Well, I'll listen to your heart first," said the man of medicine, as he applied the apparatus to Arthur's chest.

"It is not what I should have suspected," announced the doctor, looking at Arthur carefully.

"Doctor," broke in Henrietta, "this is a serious matter, and I wish to have it done a special way to please me. I want you to examine Arth—Mr. Browning very carefully. Don't neglect the slightest symptom. So much for that. The second thing is, I don't want you to communicate your findings to him. Instead, I want you to put them on paper and mail them to me. I am the one to know, the one it concerns. Will you do this?"

"Why, I have no objection," answered the doctor. "You want me to give him a thoro going over and write you the result of my diagnosis. Is that correct?"

"Yes. Mr. Browning is not to know."

"But surely this is extraordinary," protested Arthur. "I am the one who is sick, and yet you want to keep things from me."

"Nothing of the kind," retorted Henrietta. "You will know all that is good for you to know later. And, now, doctor, if you will do this for me I will appreciate it very much."

"I shall be glad to," replied the doctor, bowing. "And you ought to know in an hour or so."

"Thank you. I'll go back to the office now, Arthur. Good-by."

There was much in her eyes beyond these words, at least for Arthur. The message conveyed by them was fraught with love, concern, tenderness and Heaven knows what. Unable to return this gaze, staggered by the voltage, Arthur turned away, weakly waving a farewell.

IT WAS about an hour later when a messenger boy delivered an envelope to Henrietta. It could be nothing but the expected diagnosis and Henrietta came as near to trembling as she ever had in her life. In spite of this temporary feminine flutter she was herself again in a second and had fished the dreaded document from the envelope.

She read it in silence. Then she quietly stepped over to Arthur's desk and flung it down in front of him.

"There it is, my dear. Read it."

Young Mr. Browning picked up the paper, which read as follows:

A Report on the Physical Condition of Mr. Arthur Browning, Esq.:

After careful examination of Mr. Browning, my finding in the case is this—

There is nothing the matter with him at all. I would cheerfully recommend him to run a Marathon or box twelve rounds or climb a mountain. He is perfectly healthy.

However, he seems to be a man with something on his mind. He ought to be married and raising a family.

Signed, Jonas Pettihew, M. D.

There it was in black and white. The gods were against him. Not a single, solitary ailment that he could call his own. Not even a measly symptom with which he could stave off a fate that was approaching with the rapidity of a prairie fire. And to add insult to his injury, this—this bungling old M. D. had recommended that which he was trying with all his might to avoid.

Henrietta had left him and was singing at her work. He could hear snatches of a song above the tapping of the keys on her machine. It was a song that Arthur had always admired, but now it brought to his musical sense a flat taste, like more ice cream when you are heaping full of the same thing. "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss," was the song and it seemed inappropriate at that moment to Mr. Browning. The air seemed to be full of music.

Now that he concentrated upon it, wasn't there somebody whistling something? The silvery notes, birdlike in quality, seemed to come from the outer office. Arthur followed the air and found it to be "Love Me and the World Is Mine" with decidedly jazz trimmings. Nobody but an inventive genius could do a thing like that, and Arthur strolled out to see the musician, to hear him at closer range.

It was Albert. He was happy, placidly happy it is true, but happy just the same. It was not only the musical outflowing which gave evidence of a heart in tune with the world and its gay doings, but an indefinable warmth which seemed to surround him.

"Happy, Albert?" asked Mr. Browning.

"Oh, excuse me. I was whistling. I didn't mean to."

"Never mind. Perhaps you are lucky


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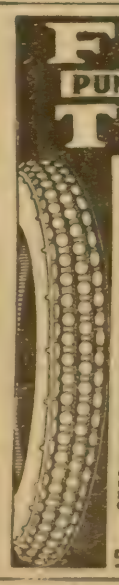

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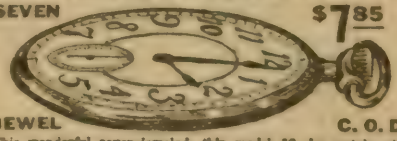

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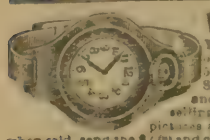

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to be in a whistling frame of mind. But why the unusual joy?"

"Had my future told. I'm simply going to be smothered with kale and it only cost me half a buck to find it out."

"Your future?"

"Yes, sir. I've been wanting to go to one of those mediums, you know, those dames who read your hand and look up your star and all that. I found one who would do both jobs for 50 cents and I turned her loose."

"You mean you consulted a clairvoyant?"

"Now you mention it, that was one of her names. Madame Karnak, was the name in big letters. She's two blocks down, and up one, number 148."

"And all this makes you happy?"

"Yes, sir. Money? Loads of it. Truck loads of it. And I am going on an ocean voyage—with the money."

"Why, they always say that. Those are stock promises. I suppose she told you that you would be married two or three times," said Mr. Browning, smiling.

"Nope. No, sir. Said I was going to live and die a bachelor."

"No!"

"She sure did. Told me why, too."

"No!"

"Yes. Said I had been jilted good and plenty once and once was plenty. Said I was the kind of a gink you could hand a jolt to only once, just once."

"Well, I envy you your power of belief. When you are older, you will know that those things are fakes."

"Maybe. But she told me all about my father and mother; told me about the accident I had two years ago; told me all the things I liked and those I didn't. If you want your hair to stand on end, go and see her, Mr. Browning."

But Mr. Browning merely smiled in a superior way and strolled over to the window.

"Think of it, Mr. Browning," went on Albert, for once in a talkative mood. "Plenty of money, a peach of an ocean trip and no girls hangin' around."

"Don't speak of it," rasped Mr. Browning, with unusual heat.

"Why, Mr. Browning, don't you like money?"

"The ocean makes me seasick," was all the answer that the happy young man received. And as his boss walked back to his desk, Albert gazed after him with much in his eyes.

WHEN an animal is at bay he can and does call upon characteristics which usually lie dormant if not indeed, unknown to him. The bear, so they tell us, will run away from a child if the surrounding landscape permits of running. But, should the bear be brought up sharply in a cozy corner from which there is no exit, he will change at once from a sprinter to a warrior and probably bite the child. This is a law of nature.

Now, Arthur Browning was in much the same way as an animal driven in a corner, although a deer would be a much better creature to compare him with than a bear. He felt desperate.

Therefore, his whirling brain, generally so efficient and business-like, turned frantically to grasp at the first offer of relief that presented itself. Never a person of snap judgment, it required more time for him to arrive at a decision than it would many others, but to counteract that he was most tenacious in his mental processes.

It was some sixty minutes after Albert had told him of his adventure into the land of the unknown, that the idea of the occult laid hold of him. At first repugnant to his scientifically tuned mind, with more meditation and tolerant thought, the idea began to have points of attraction. Finally he hit upon what he thought must be an original conclusion as to the thing, and that was "it can't do any harm and it might do some good." It would be better to know the worst than to go on in the uncertain frame of mind that was fast killing him.

So almost stealthily, as if bent on second story work, he set out for the address of Mme. Karnak. He was slightly atremble, but he had been that way so much of late that he gave no thought to it. He found the place, a modest appearing apartment, quite different from what he had supposed, and was soon informed that Mme. Karnak would deign to see him.

The monetary preliminaries being soon over with, Mme. Karnak changed from a person of somewhat mercantile manner into a thing vibrant and susceptible to the will of the stars and signs which govern us with just as much stringency as traffic semaphores, railroad schedules and time clocks. The unseen elements played upon her like a strummed harp or a reed bent by March blasts. But a few weeks back, Arthur would have unhesitatingly classed her as "a nut!" but now things were different.

"Let me see your hand," murmured Mme. Karnak. "Ah, you are to be wealthy. There is no doubt of that. And you are to be happy in your business, your present work is attractive to you."

"But how about——"

"Please don't interrupt, worldly one. I cannot see much traveling in your life. There is one journey, though, which seems near at hand for you. You are going—yes, some one is going with you. There is a great water fall at the end of the journey and it seems to have an Indian name."

Arthur gulped so violently here that the seer was startled. She frowned slightly.

"Your health is splendid. You are sensitive and strangely enough, with that you are scientific, precise, methodical. That seems to be about all——"

"But am I—am I—going to be married?" ventured Arthur timidly.

"Ah, I knew you would ask that. And a more difficult hand to read in that respect I have never seen. Frankly, I cannot say. You seem to be threatened——"

"Who ever says to me in the future that clairvoyants are fakes will do so over my prostrate body. 'Threatened' is the word."

"Thank you," laughed Madame, pleased. "The worldly folks, those with no imagination, do not believe, but those who can see beyond their noses can be benefited."

"And you cannot say," went on Arthur, "whether I shall be married or not?"

"I should not wish to lie to you. Your lines are very conflicting. There is a strong line which says you will be married——"

"Oh——"

"And there is just as strong a one which crosses it angrily and says that you will not."

"And there the fates rest your case. I am very sorry I cannot tell you more."

"Good Heavens, and I can't know——"

"Wait," commanded the Madame, waving her hand. "I feel—I feel very strongly that a trance is coming——"

"Yes."

"Sir, for fifty cents additional I think I can tell you more by submitting myself to this trance which almost demands recognition."

"Why, certainly," beamed Arthur, "here is a dollar."

"Ah, that is even better," moaned the woman, her voice immediately changing into something high and strident.

"Young man, there is something on your mind. It is worrying you. There is a powerful influence at work upon you."

"Henrietta!" groaned Arthur.

"Yes. And the influence is not necessarily bad. It might be good, altho you seem to be fighting against it. Then, there are two, I see two women—there is trouble—I seem to lose it now."

"Yes," breathed Arthur.

"I hear a scream: 'You are married—you are married!' Oh, it's gone."

Madame Karnack trembled slightly and then smiled.

"Well, did I tell you what you wanted to know?" she asked pleasantly.

"It was a little hazy," answered Arthur, gloomily. "But I guess you hit it. It was bad news, tho."

"Sorry."

"Oh, I thank you. All you could do was to tell what you saw and I am greatly indebted to you."

"Thanks. It isn't everybody who takes bad news that way. Good-by, and I wish you luck."

ARTHUR left the place in no very pleasant frame of mind. To be sure, he knew more about the matter than before his trip into the occult regions, but even this didn't help much. Indeed, it seemed to point that destiny and Henrietta were one and the same thing.

For once Arthur was in no hurry to return to the office. Usually he was unhappy when absent from it, but today he had no pleasant anticipation about returning to the place. However, from force of habit his footsteps, not long after, led him back. He sat down at his desk and tried to take up the day's work.

"Where is Albert?" Arthur asked Henrietta.

"I don't know where he can be," answered the girl. "He told me he had


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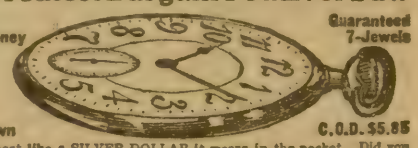

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some errands to do at the postoffice and a few other places, but he has been gone now over two hours. It's almost closing time and he ought to be here soon. Did you wish for anything?"

"No, no, I just wondered," replied Arthur with a sigh. "There is nothing I need, I guess."

"What is the matter, dear?" remarked Henrietta, coming over to his side. "You don't seem yourself."

"Nothing, nothing at all," he answered. He was beyond cautioning her that the office was an office and should be treated like one. He did not care. He did not care about anything. Let people come in. What did it matter?

"Arthur, dear," said Henrietta with love and anxiety in her eyes and voice. "I am beginning to worry about you. You are not the same boy I knew when I first met you—when I came here."

"Yes, I have changed, yes," replied Arthur, listlessly.

"I know you are not sick because the doctor said so. But I am worried nevertheless. Oh, if anything should happen to you."

The devil made the answer, not Arthur.

"Would you care?" he asked.

"Oh, Arthur!" she cried, flinging her arms about his neck. "Oh, Arthur!"

There was nothing said in answer nor had Henrietta anything to add. Silence came over them.

"So there you are!" came a voice, a strident, high-pitched voice.

Mr. Browning and Henrietta both jumped at the sound and turned to the one who had spoken.

It was a woman who uttered the electrical words, and a most wonderful looking creature she was. She was gaudily, even wildly dressed and fire was in her eyes. She advanced toward Henrietta. She had no eyes for the open-mouthed Mr. Browning.

"Perhaps you will explain your carryings on with my husband?" the woman snapped, waving a business like looking fist perilously near Henrietta's face. "Perhaps you will explain that? I guess it's lucky that I came down town today. How long has this been going on?"

FOR the first time in her life Henrietta was out of words. The world had been rudely removed from under her and she was helplessly swimming around in space. She could only stare at the wonderful and angry looking woman in front of her.

"Are you going to answer me?" yelled the woman, the menacing hand getting nearer. "Are you?"

"Why—why—I had no idea," floundered poor Henrietta.

"Hum. You might have asked, you—you minx," went on the outraged wife. "I've read about you vampires and stenographers in the books. But I trusted my Arthur."

"You are married!" cried Henrietta. "Oh, Arthur, how could you?"

"Don't you Arthur him. Don't you dare!" cried the woman. "And now you beat it out of here."

"Yes, yes," sobbed the girl. "I'll go."

"And stay out!" warned the other.

"Yes. But I want you to know that I was ignorant of Arthur—of his being a married man. He has—oh, my heart is broken."

"I'll forget I'm a lady in a minute," said the woman. "You better go."

"Yes, you had better go," said Arthur.

"Shut up!" said his wife.

"I'm going," from Henrietta between sniffles. "I'm going."

She put on her hat with trembling fingers. Then she turned.

"I suppose you'll never forgive me, Mrs.—Mrs.—Browning," she said humbly. "But I had no idea. And you can't know what a blow this has been. I meant no harm to anybody."

The other woman made no answer.

"May I—may I say good-by to him?" asked the girl.

"Yes. And make it short."

Henrietta turned to Arthur.

"Good-by, Arthur. I would that it might have been different. My heart has been killed, but I forgive you. Won't you say good-by?"

"Good-day—I mean good-by," stammered the flustered young man.

THEY shook hands and without a further word, Henrietta turned and left the office of Shaw & Company never to return. As the door closed softly, Arthur sank into a chair. Indeed, he looked unable to stand. He mopped his brow with trembling hand and tried to regain his composure. Suddenly he looked up.

"May I ask who the devil you are?" he managed to say.

But the one, who a few short minutes ago was the picture of belligerency, had crumpled sadly. The fire was all gone. She seemed panic-stricken. Suddenly she turned and darted away. Arthur was in no mood to let her escape. He sprang after her and as she stepped thru the door, he made a frantic grab for her. He not only succeeded in pulling off her hat, but her hair as well. As she turned Arthur stared into the face of Albert.

"Well, I'll be d—d," said Arthur. "It's you!"

"Well, Mr. Browning, go to it. Bawl me out. Have me shot at sunrise. Anything you say goes. But I had to do it, I just had to. There was no other way."

"How did you know?" asked Mr. Browning.

"I was hep all the time. She wasn't for you. And I couldn't see you go to pieces."

Arthur gazed long and thoughtfully at this wonder of office boys. He knew full well that there were no more like him in all the world. He appreciated the fact that he was in the presence of greatness, not alone histrionic greatness, but the greatness of a mind that could act in an overwhelming emergency.

"How did you act the part so well?" he asked.

"Oh, that wasn't hard," said Albert, modestly. "I've done it before, on the stage, I mean. I belong to a club and we put on a show every year, amateur stuff. I've played the part before."

"Oh, I see. But none the less, you have saved me from a great trouble and——"

"If you're satisfied, I am," went on the king of office boys.

Mr. Browning gazed at him fondly, admiringly.

"Albert, do you believe in—in fortune tellers?"

"Sure, Mr. Browning."

"Well, I'm going to see that you do. About that water trip—you are taking it within a few days."

"Oh, Mr. Browning!"

"With money."

Albert gasped.

"I will supply the kale. This is on me."

"Gee, Mr. Browning!"

"And no girls hanging around."

"No, siree!"

The two beamed. They were well satisfied with each other.

"And Albert, let us repair to the nearest soda fountain. Have you a place in mind where those large double chocolate ice cream sodas can be had?"

Albert grinned.

"Come with me, Mr. Browning."

* * *

### Ugly Cut.

CUSTOMER—I see that the barber across the street has slashed his prices.

Barber—Yea, and if he'd only confine his slashing to prices his customers wouldn't holler.

* * *

### Gone?

Teacher—Willie, use the word "grewsome" in a sentence.

Willie—The boy went to camp and when he returned his mother found that he had grewsome.

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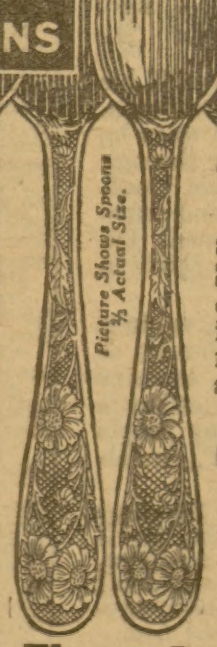


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| 2 pounds Granulated Sugar | $0.09 |
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| ½ pound Big4Brand Best Coffee | .18 |
| ¼ pound pure Cocoa | .13 |
| 1 pound pure Baking Powder | .48 |
| 1—4.oz. Bot. Vanilla Flavor Extract | .52 |
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| 1 box Majic Dye Soap Flakes | .10 |
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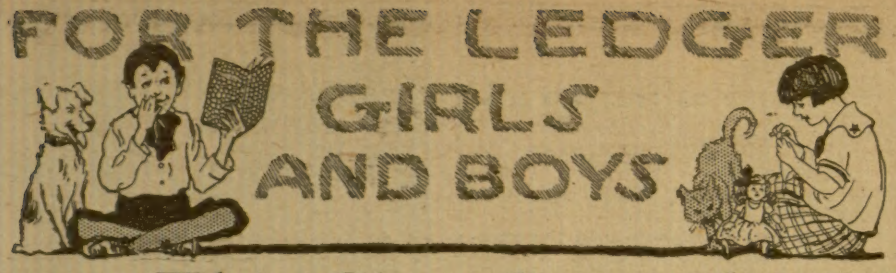



# The City Coward

"COWARDIE, cowardie, custard!" shouted Tom, Sam and Philip, as they gleefully watched a very red-faced boy drop his hoe in a great fright and go for the fence.

It was gentle old Bossy, the cow, that had sent Dick over the fence in such a hurry. The boys had driven her into his turnip patch because they knew Dick was a city boy and a bit afraid of cows.

"He's not a coward!" Myrtle, Tom's sister, said, coming up. "He's just not used to cows because he's a city boy. You'd be scared yourself at a big horned animal coming after you if you had never seen one before in your life. It's pretty hard for him anyway to work all summer while you boys have a vacation. You know Mrs. Sellers told mother she engaged him to work because he was poor and hadn't any father to do for him. Mother said he was saving up every bit of his wages to give his mother a vacation with and I think it real mean you should make it any harder for him by chasing old Bossy into his patch to trample up his vegetables."

The boys looked a bit ashamed, but they laughed.

"We'd never be afraid of a stupid old cow," Sam said.

"Or anything else," Philip put in. "Unless we could prove it was dangerous," He was quite brave, you see, when no danger was around, at any rate.

"I think it's real mean," Myrtle said again. "I'm going to drive Bossy out of his patch, she's ruining it."

"Just like Myrtle to take up for Dick," Tom remarked. "She's always picking out queer folk to look after. He can't swim nor play ball nor anything. Come on, let's go to the Square. They're going to have speeches there about 'lections."

"Yes, let's," Sam agreed. "Pa said Mayor Brown was coming from the city to make a speech, and the band is going to play."

"Oh, boy!" Philip said. "Let's hurry. They might start before we get there."

Away ran the three teasers, while Myrtle went to catch Bossy.

"Come along," she coaxed, taking Bossy by the bridle. Just then she saw Dick's flushed face peeping over the fence.

"I'm sorry," she said, "our cow got into your patch. I'm most 'fraid she's spoiled it, but I'll tie her up and then help you fix things a bit."

"Oh, never mind," Dick answered. "'Deed it doesn't matter. Guess I'm a coward all right to run away like that. But just wait, next time, I shan't."

"It was downright mean of the boys," Myrtle said. "Tom should know better and really he isn't such a bad boy as you might think. He has a kind heart."

"Don't doubt it at all," Dick replied good-humoredly. "They were just having a little fun out of me. Anyway, this patch isn't hurt so awfully. I want it to be a hummer because Mr. and Mrs. Sellers are so good to me and don't mind that I am green at farming."

Myrtle tied Bossy to a tree and set to work with a right good will helping Dick repair the damage to the patch. There were ever so many things she could tell him about the work and Dick was grateful to learn.

When they were thru and the patch was in good order again they decided to go to the Square, too, and see the fun. Dick ran to the house to spruce up, and Myrtle washed her hands and hot little face at the pump.

Together they went down the road and soon came to the Square. Crowds had already collected and strains of "Dixieland" from the band made the children hurry to get nearer.

There was the city mayor just stepping out of a big touring car to go to a platform, draped with American flags, that had been built in the center of the Square.

"Oh, doesn't he look fine!" Myrtle exclaimed. "And look at the dear baby girl in the car. Isn't she too sweet! Just like a big doll, I do declare! They are from your city, too, aren't they!" she added. "It's grand to have such a fine mayor!"

Everybody clapped and hurrahed while the mayor stepped upon the platform. Myrtle and Dick tried to get in closer, tho Myrtle gave more attention to the dear little girl sitting in the car than to the speech. That is why she saw first when the little girl suddenly slipped down from her seat and took the big steering-wheel in her chubby hands.

Myrtle had hardly time to pull Dick's sleeve when a whirring sound from the car made every one turn in its direction. The big car had started.

Up the street it flew with the tiny girl in the front seat, before any one could think of anything to do but to exclaim in dismay.

Any one but Dick. Quick as a flash he had caught hold of the back of the car, and now was pulling himself up over the top as it raced away down the street.

How he climbed!

"Quick! Quick!" cried Myrtle, tho she knew very well Dick could never hear her.

"Quick! Hold fast, boy!" shouted the crowd.

Dick made his way quickly, scrambling forward. Now he was in the front seat!

"Can he do anything?" the people asked each other.

"Jump, boy, jump with the baby," others shouted.

But Dick didn't jump. His sturdy hands were on the wheel just in time to swerve the car from a tree that stood in its path and in another moment it turned easily around and rolled up to the Square with Dick guiding it and the mayor's baby laughing gleefully, quite unaware of her narrow escape.

You may be sure Dick was rewarded handsomely and cheered by all the townsfolk as well as the city folk who came down with the mayor.

As soon as he could, Dick ran away, but Tom and Sam and Philip were after him in a minute, with Myrtle not far behind.

"Say," said Tom. "We take that back about you're being a coward. You aren't."

"And I'd like to see anybody say you are," Sam put in.

"Me, too," said Philip.

"Gee!" said Dick quite red in the face. "You fellows forget it. I'm no hero. I just happened to know how to drive because my father who was a chauffeur taught me how. You'd have done the same, all right if you knew how."

"It was perfectly fine," Myrtle said. "And now your mother won't have to wait for her vacation!"

"The nicest thing about it all, too," Myrtle confided to Tom, later, "was that he wasn't a bit puffed up. Just his natural good-natured self."

"Yep, I know," Tom answered. "We fellows are going to give him a hand at his chores so that he can get off to learn to swim and play ball. Guess, after all, it's because he's been so busy with farming he hasn't learned."

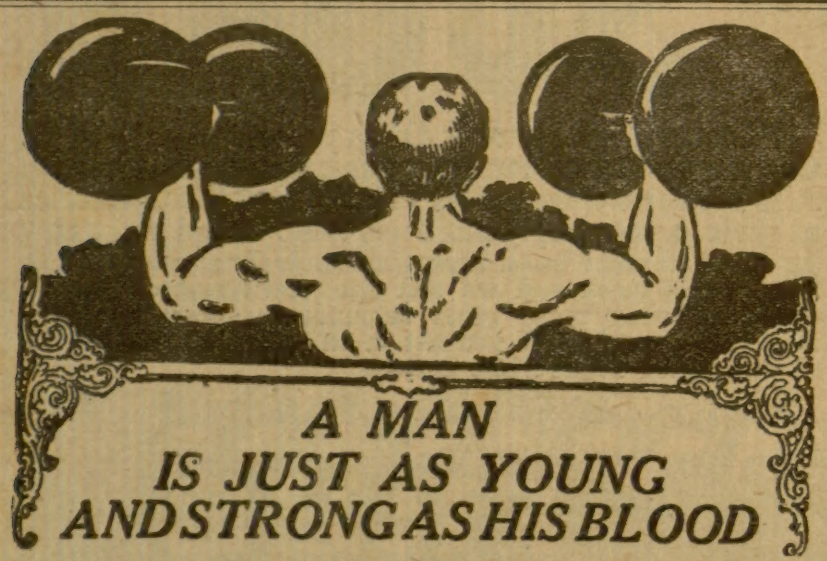
### Appearances Will Deceive.

AUNT MARY was a spinster and therefore unused to the appetite of the average small boy. So she became quite startled as Tommy ate and ate when he came to dinner with her.

"Goodness me!" she cried at last. "I say, Tommy, you do eat a lot for such a little chap."

Tommy remained calm in the face of her astonishment.

"I expect," he said, "it's because I'm not so little as I look from the outside."

A MAN
IS JUST AS YOUNG
AND STRONG AS HIS BLOOD

No man can fight the battles of life and hold his own if his blood is not pure, for rich red blood is what strength is based upon. When you see a strong, vigorous man, who never knows when he is licked, you may wager that such a man has coursing through his veins rich, red blood. Many people have thin, pale blood. They are weak, tire easily, become discouraged quickly, and sometimes feel like giving up the struggle. Such folks need Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which is sold by druggists in liquid or tablet form.

It adds vigor to the heart beats and tones up the nerves in a wonderful way. This "Medical Discovery" of Dr. Pierce's is made from Blood root, Oregon Grape root, Stone root, contains no alcohol—yet tones up the stomach, stimulates the liver and puts the blood making glands in the best of condition. Many people write Dr. Pierce at the Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., as follows:

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**BIGGEST MONEY-MAKER IN AMERICA.** I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-162, Dayton, Ohio.

**MANUFACTURE IN YOUR OWN HOME** same goods you're selling. Make 200 to 1,000% more profit. Stamp brings valuable reliable information. Descriptive formula lists. Marvello Washing Compound, food products, household necessities, poultry, medical, toilet preparations, automobile specialties. Big opportunities in all lines for beginners. Small Manufacturers. Miller, Reliable Chemist, Tampa, Florida.

**AGENTS: WE GUARANTEE TO PAY $12** a day taking orders for 2 in 1 reversible raincoat. One side handsome raincoat, reverse side fine dress coat. Something new. Latest style. Guaranteed waterproof. No capital required. You take orders. We ship by parcel post, and do all collecting. Commission paid same day your orders booked. Write quick. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 1311, Dayton, Ohio.

**AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER** Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 800 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

**AGENTS — NEW 2 IN 1 REVERSIBLE** double-duty raincoat. One side rich tan dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Two coats for the price of one. Saves $20. Positively guaranteed waterproof or money back. Commission paid same day you take orders. No capital required. Sample furnished. Great seller. Real money for agents. Parker Mfg. Co., 409 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

**BOYS, GIRLS AND WOMEN, SPARE TIME** —to sell 24 beautifully colored art and religious pictures at 15c each or 24 packages fancy post cards at 15c per package. 50% commission. No investment necessary. We trust you. Our agents earn $2.00 to $3.00 an evening. Order pictures or post cards today. Gates Art Co., 2 Seeley Ave., Chicago.

**ENORMOUS PROFITS SELLING MADAME** Lily's Marcellene hair dressing and skin whitener soap to colored people. Takes like wild fire everywhere. Constant repeater. Cash in on some of this easy money. Write for our attractive proposition. Sent free. Address Tono-Scalpa Co., Inc., 1331 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

**AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MAN**ufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PIL**low tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices, rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk L-2, Chicago.

**TIRE AGENTS, EXCLUSIVE REPRESEN**tatives to use and sell the new Mellinger Extra-Ply Tires. (No seconds.) Guarantee bond 8000 miles. Wholesale prices. Sample sections furnished. Mellinger Tire Co., 972 Oak, Kansas City, Missouri.

**$50 TO $100 WEEKLY CAN BE MADE** by reliable men and women distributing samples and taking orders for our favorably known preparations. Write for samples and full particulars to Juvito Laboratory, Inc., 2924 West Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY** owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders a day. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

**$3.48 FOR MEN'S MADE-TO-ORDER PANTS** —worth $8.00. Sample free. Money-making offer for agents; part time or all. Write today. Chicago Tailors' Association. Dept. L652, 515 South Franklin Street, Chicago.

**AGENTS WANTED TO ADVERTISE OUR** goods and distribute free samples to consumers. 90c an hour. Write for full particulars. American Products Co., 2457 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**BIG PROFITS SELLING DUPLEX TRANS**formers. Every auto owner needs them. Save gas. Banish spark plug trouble. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 220 Sta. C, Omaha, Neb.

**AGENTS — SEND FOR 10 PACKAGES** native herbs for constipation and family use. Sell at 10c each. You keep half. Make big money. Your credit is good. Melrose Co., Dept. 241, Columbus, Ohio.

**YOU ARE WASTING TIME IF NOT** making $10, $40 daily; man, woman, anywhere; materials cost $1.15; retail $22.50. I made $120 one day, $1,300 one month. Bowbeer, 1264 Lake, Los Angeles.

## AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

**AUTOMATIC HAIR CUTTER. CUTS AND** trims your own hair perfectly. Long or short. Wonderful. Sells on sight, $2.00. Send for it. Agents wanted. Collins Company, 1219 Garrick Bldg., Chicago.

**AGENTS—BIGGEST 20c SELLER. ORDERS** come to you every week. Profits very big. New selling plan free. No experience necessary. The Poflow Co., Dept. 52, 25 E. 26th St., New York City.

**AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR.** Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

**SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY** county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

**AGENTS, $40 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE** samples. Gold sign letters anyone can put on store windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 431 M, North Clark, Chicago.

**350% PROFIT. QUICK SELLER. KLEAN**-Rite Magic Washing Compound. Washes clothes without rubbing. Sells 25c. You make 19c. Samples free. Bestever Products Co., 3253-L, Belle Plaine, Chicago.

**MAKE $5.00 HOUR SELLING "COLUMBUS** Raincoats" to your friends. Miller made $30.00 first day spare time. Big profits. Sample free. Act quick! Columbus Raincoat Mfg. Co., Dept. 502, Columbus, Ohio.

**AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE** broom and Ten-Use brush set combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

**AGENTS—LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS** agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes, clothing, etc. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

**SELL INSYDE TYRES, GENUINE INNER** armor for auto tires; double mileage; prevents punctures and blowouts; tremendous demand. American Accessories Company, Dept. T-451, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**AGENTS — WONDERFUL SELLER, 96c** profit every dollar sales. License unnecessary. No stock to carry. Sample free. Mission Bead Co., Factory O, Los Angeles, Cal.

**AGENTS—NEW PATENTED CURTAIN ROD,** necessity in every home; big profit; 4 to 10 sales at every house. Write for free sample. Home Curtain Rod Co., Providence, R. I.

**AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME** that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

**WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES** and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

**MEN AND WOMEN: SEND NO MONEY** for my mail order propositions on approval. If not satisfactory return. Address: Hazen A. Horton, Dept. A, Marshall, Mich.

**SCARF PINS, BROOCHES, RINGS, BRIL**liant set. Samples 25c. H. C. Merrill, Morton Grove, Ill.

**BIG PROPOSITION: SOMETHING NEW IN** portraits. Agents wanted. Deal with factory direct. Write for catalogue. Southern Art Co., Oak Park, Ill.

**AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR**ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

## HELP WANTED

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**YOU ARE WANTED AS U. S. GOVERNMENT** Railway Postal Clerk—$135-$195—month. Men-women over 17. List positions open free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 26, Rochester, N. Y.

**WE WILL START YOU IN CLEANING AND** dyeing business, little capital needed, big profits. Write for booklet. The Ben-Vonde System, Dept. C, Charlotte, N. C.

## MALE HELP WANTED

**RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTORS EARN** from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM-12, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

**DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. TRAVEL.** Great demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1965 Broadway, New York.

**AUTO EXPERTS WANTED. $45 WEEK.** Earn while learning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 804, Rochester, N. Y.

**MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN**necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

**MEN-BOYS. BECOME AUTOMOBILE EX**perts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 804, Rochester, N. Y.

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, $250-$300, RAIL**roads everywhere, experience unnecessary. (Which position?) Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN,** $140-$200; colored porters by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

**BE A DETECTIVE, $50, $100 WEEKLY;** travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 300 Lucas, St. Louis.

**GOVERNMENT CLERKS NEEDED BADLY** (men-women), $1,600-$2,300. No experience. Write Ozment, 106, St. Louis.

**MEN WANTED FOR DETECTIVE WORK.** Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, former U. S. Govt. detective, 100 St. Louis.

**BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR**tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

**LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO AD**dress envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book, explaining everything, mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Publishing House, Tilton, N. H.

**LEARN DRESS-COSTUME DESIGNING AND** making. Designers earn $45.00 week up. Easy. Fascinating. Women-girls, 15 up. Design and make your family dresses. Start parlors at your homes. Sample home study lessons—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. E854, Rochester, N. Y.

**WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE**paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

**WOMEN-GIRLS, BECOME EXPERT** dress-costume designers. $45 week. Sample lessons free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. D 854, Rochester, N. Y.

## MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

**WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN TO PRE**pare for good office positions. No tuition money necessary. Prepare at home. Address Box 47, Greenfield, O.

## MEN

**GOVERNMENT WANTS RAILWAY MAIL** Clerks. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E6, Rochester, N. Y.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOU**sands of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 308 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

**$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND** and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 623 First Nat'l Bank, Houston, Texas.

**300% PER ANNUM IN SAFE BUSINESS** enterprise. Write to 607 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

**TEXAS OIL LEASES, TEN ACRES $6.00** each. For maps write. Frank Strickland, Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

## SONG POEMS WANTED

**SONG-WRITERS MANUAL AND GUIDE** sent free! Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

**WRITE A SONG POEM—LOVE, MOTHER,** home. Comic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Edward Trent, 649 Reaper Block, Chicago.

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG! WE** will write the music and guarantee publication on a royalty basis. Submit poems on a royalty basis. Seton Music Company, 920 S. Michigan Ave., Room 132, Chicago.

**YOU WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG.** We'll compose the music free and publish same. Send song poem today. E. Lenox Co., 271 W. 125th St., New York.

## MEDICAL

**SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLAD**der trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent desire to urinate, smarting and burning. Do not suffer any longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

**FOR YOUR PROTECTION, ALWAYS USE** Antiseptic Fenofurh for minor injuries, and itching skin troubles. Only 50c. Fully guaranteed. Lapellam Laboratory, Reynoldsville, Penna.

**GALLSTONES—FREE BOOK TELLS OF** improved method of treating inflammation of gallbladder and bile ducts. Write today. Dr. Paddock, Box 7J201, Kansas City, Mo.

**RATTLESNAKE OIL SURE RELIEF FOR** deafness, dryness and ringing in the head. Minnie G. Scruggs, Nezperce, Idaho.

## MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

**EARN $50.00 NIGHTLY: NO EXPERIENCE** required. Small investment buys professional machine, film, supplies, complete stationary or traveling equipments, already for work. Easy payments. Openings everywhere. Large catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 527, Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

**LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS** business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

## FARMS WANTED

**WANTED—HEAR FROM OWNER: FARM** for sale. Price, description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

**IF YOU WANT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE** your property write me. John J. Black, 79th St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

## PERSONAL

**MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS TO** restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

**THE MIRACLE MAN WILL SEND YOU** wonderful testimonials from people, how became anew, having more success, happiness, beauty, health and enjoying life abundance. Write today and be the same. School of Christpractic, 6206 Winthrop, Chicago, Ill.

**MEN—OUR TREATMENT GIVES GREAT**er strength and restores to normal in less time and at less cost than anything under the sun. $1 per box, 4 for $3. Crown Drug Co., Sta. E, Box 50, Toledo, Ohio.

**SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES.** Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co., B-613, Camden, N. J.

## PERSONAL—(Continued)

**WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; IF** you get up in the morning with a dull brain, tired nerves, an ache in the back, a dread of the toil and hardships of every day life, these are signs that some of the organs or functions of your body are not in a healthy condition and should have attention at once. We cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

**TEST MY POWER — IF YOU WISH TO** know what the future holds in store, how to overcome difficulties and attain success for the coming year; send 6c in stamps and birth date; I will send you a Psycho-astro Reading, pages of Messages, Astro-Scientific Chart and my book, on success and how attained; my work is considered the best. Professor White, Dept. 99, 5688 Moneta Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

**MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE** can find a marvelous remedy and complete restoration in 508 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything every heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 508 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kansas.

**MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO**ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

**THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY.** Worth to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction guaranteed. Long established, reliable, trustworthy. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

**MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS.** Hundreds wealthy. Best, most successful. Write, be convinced. Confidential. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, California.

**MARRY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME** Maker;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

**EXCHANGE PLOTS FOR $$$S. PHOTOPLAY** ideas accepted any form; revised, typed, published. Sold. Advisory service free. Universal Scenario Corporation, 242 Western Mutual Life Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

**CURE BED WETTING — BLADDER** trouble. Use dependable harmless remedy. Get the benefit of our 20 years' experience, a package of Pen-Ine, and advice free. Missouri Remedy Co., Office 26, St. Louis, Mo.

**WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES.** No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**MARRY FOR WEALTH, HAPPINESS.** Hundreds rich, attractive, congenial, willing to wed. Photos free. 25 years' experience. Mrs. Warn, 2216½ Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**THE MAGIC SECRET TELLS YOU HOW** your desires and ambitions can be realized. Postpaid for dime. A. Denford, 507 Fifth Ave., New York.

**CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANT**ing introductions. Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

**MAN OF HEALTH, WEALTH AND RE**finement, would consider marriage. Learn more. Write Mr. J. S., Box 684, Dennison, Ohio.

**MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH** photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL** ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

**BROTHER AND SISTER, AGES 28 AND 24,** must marry soon to inherit $100,000. Interested in matrimony? Write Box 749, Chicago, Illinois, enclosing stamped envelope.

**GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL** paper published. Mailed free. Address American Distributor, Suite 215, Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

**CONQUER CONSTIPATION, BEAUTIFY** complexion with "Fruit Balls." Formula 10c. Covella, 6200 Easton, St. Louis, Mo.

**MARRY—TWO WEALTHY GIRLS WILL** marry. Address, Ga. Corresponding Club, 1607 3rd Ave., Columbus, Ga.

**MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRES**pondence Club." Particulars Free. Address, Box 23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**NAMES, ADDRESSES, DESCRIPTIONS OF** ladies desiring marriage; sealed, 20c. Select Club, B., Topeka, Kansas.

**GET MARRIED. JOIN CORRESPONDENCE** Club. Many rich members. Information free. A. Glenn, Rivergrove, Illinois.

**MARRY—BEST PLAN. HUNDREDS RICH,** confidential, reliable. Lists and descriptions free. Unity, B-3, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**GET MARRIED — MANY WEALTHY** clients desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

**IF YOU WANT A HEALTHY, WEALTHY,** loving wife, write Violet Ray, C. C. Dennison, Ohio. Enclose stamped envelope.

**MARRY — STAMPED ENVELOPE BRINGS** honest plan. Government employee, Box 1523, Wash., D. C.

**MARRIAGE PAPER — PHOTOS, DESCRIP**tions, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

**GET MARRIED— BEST MATRIMONIAL** paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

**WIDOWER, 60, WITH $50,000, WISHES** early marriage. Y-Box 325, Cor. Club, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

**LADY, 25, WITH MEANS, WOULD MARRY.** H-Box 1134, League, Detroit, Mich.

**BACHELOR, 33, WORTH $35,000, WILL** marry. Z-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

**WIDOW, 45, WORTH $50,000, WILL MARRY.** L-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

**LONELY MAIDEN, 27, WOULD MARRY.** Write for picture. Box 150B, Syracuse, N. Y.

# Every Man or Woman Who Raises Chickens Can Earn

# $50 to $200 A WEEK

**(No Canvassing)**

## in Spare Time—Right at Home Helping Me Introduce My Great

# WINTER EGG MAKER

Just write me a letter or postcard. I want to tell you my plan, which will pay you $50 to $200 a week in cash helping me introduce my great Winter Egg Maker. On my plan you need make absolutely no investment. You do not have to leave your own home. You do not have to sell anything. You do no canvassing. All I ask is about an hour or two a week of your spare time. And the best part of it all is in helping me you are helping your friends and neighbors and yourself in the finest way you can imagine. You are helping them get two to five times more eggs from their hens, from the same feed, from the same investment in time and effort.

And now let me tell you why I want only practical chicken raisers to help me in introducing my great Winter Egg Maker. As you know, the best recommendation in the world for a product is the word of a person who has used it. I could very easily employ thousands of people to introduce my Winter Egg Maker, but they wouldn't know much about poultry or eggs or the conditions under which poultry and eggs are produced, and all they could do would be to repeat what I told them, just like a lot of parrots.

Instead of doing this I want to get, as my personal representatives, people who have actually used my great Winter Egg Maker on their own hens, so that all my representatives will be actual users of my Winter Egg Maker and will know **from their own experience** just what my Winter Egg Maker is and does. I want every one of my representatives to see by the evidence of their own flock just how my new Winter Egg Maker builds new feathers, new muscle, new strength, new health, and brings hundreds upon hundreds of eggs. Then I know that my representatives will be able to recommend my great Winter Egg Maker, backed by a personal knowledge of what it does.

## I Guarantee My Winter Egg Maker to Produce Extra Eggs at a Cost of 1c per Dozen or It Doesn't Cost a Penny—Take 30 Days to Prove It—Send No Money

Last year when I made my amazing offer, some people thought I was crazy, but over 150,000 men and women, and even boys and girls, accepted my offer and reaped a rich reward in eggs as a result. Of all the thousands who took me up on my proposition, less than one in a thousand said my great Winter Egg Maker didn't do the work. All the others said it was the greatest Egg Maker they ever saw. In spite of this evidence—in spite of the testimony of thousands who gave it to their hens, I don't want you to take anyone's word but your own for what it will do for your hens and for your egg profits. I want you to make this test. Try my great Winter Egg Maker for 30 days. Send no money now. If you do not get from two to five times as many eggs as you ever got before at this time of the year you won't be out one cent. I don't know how to make a fairer, squarer offer than that, do you?

### Why Hens Stop Laying

In summer when the hens have their full feathers, when the sun gives them warmth, when worms, bugs, grasshoppers, insects and green feeds are plentiful, eggs come in abundance. But when moulting time comes, your hens stop laying. That's because it takes six weeks for an average hen to grow a new flight or tail feather, and the hen spends most of the winter growing feathers. Hens will not lay eggs during this time simply because nature is using all energy in the direction of producing new feathers. Then the moulting season leaves hens weakened, run down, listless, tired, worn out. Is it any wonder that hens do not lay during fall and winter? It is the same with cows, horses, hogs and sheep, for everyone knows that milk, muscle, pork and mutton cannot be produced by animals unless they are in perfect physical condition. Neither can bumper crops be produced except from a healthy condition of the soil. Your hens are not in good laying condition, because they are not in good physical condition—that is the simple reason why you are not getting as many eggs as you should.

### What Your Hens Need

What your hens need more than anything else is a simple tonic to enrich their blood, to supply them with strength and vigor, to repair nerve tissue, to supply them with heat and energy, to keep their intestines clean and free from germs. You must get them over the moult quickly and safely. You must get your pullets into laying condition right away. You must stop the losses due from the strain of moulting. And nothing has yet been discovered which does these things as well as these four well known ingredients—Iron Sulphate, Precipitated Calcium Phosphate, Ginger, Aloes.

Any physician, any veterinarian, any druggist can tell you how beneficial these ingredients are. I wouldn't dare mention them so openly if anything but good could come from their use. My great Winter Egg Maker contains them all, in exact scientific proportions.

Iron Sulphate is the bone-building and strengthening ingredient. It is this which hens need when they appear lazy, tired, run down, droopy. Precipitated Calcium Phosphate is the shell-forming material. One of the most frequent causes of low egg production is that the hen hasn't the strength or energy to supply shell-forming material fast enough, so the eggs are absorbed into her system. That is one reason why so many hens fatten up but do not lay. Everybody knows that Ginger is unsurpassed as a general tonic and invigorator. It supplies heat and energy, makes the hen hustle and scratch, sharpens the appetite, puts color in their combs. Ginger has been used for many years as a tonic for horses, cows, cattle, sheep and hogs. Gum Aloes is also a well-known product. It is a gentle yet effective laxative. It keeps the bowels clean and antiseptic, destroying germs and thereby preventing many diseases.

## MAIL COUPON NOW

## BE MY PARTNER

I want you to try my great Egg Maker ten days, twenty days or thirty days, at my risk, then if you are completely satisfied that every poultry raiser around you ought to be using it, I want you to represent me. You don't do any canvassing. All you do is to send postal cards to your friends by mail. You need not stir from the house. You need not invest a penny. It's the easiest way for you to make extra money you ever heard of. And you are really doing your friends a favor. Here is what happens when "Two-for-One," my great Winter Egg Maker, is given to the hens in the drinking water. Joe Brabec, Jr., of Mt. Olive, Ill., got 336 eggs last November from 12 hens. Mrs. T. T. Sirmons, of Milltown, Ga., got 469 eggs from 19 hens in one month. Mrs. J. A. Doll, of Corinth, Mass., writes that last February, even after two cold, rainy weeks, she got 709 eggs from 25 hens. Mrs. T. W. Wills, of San Diego, Cal., writes that her 42 hens laid 1260 eggs in one month after giving them "Two-for-One." Mrs. R. Hegi, of Buckeye, Ariz., got 93 eggs a day from 100 hens in February. I could show you thousands of letters like these, but I want you to try "Two-for-One" at my own risk, then I want you to be my partner—if "Two-for-One" really does all I claim. If it doesn't it won't cost you a penny.

## DON'T SEND A PENNY

Just fill in and mail the coupon to the right. Send no money now. I will mail you a full size package of "Two-for-One" prepaid. Try it 10, 20 or 30 days and watch for results. If you are not completely satisfied, "Two-for-One" won't cost you a cent. The publisher of this paper guarantees that I will refund your money at once, upon your mere request, if you are not more than pleased. There are no strings to this offer. If you want two or more packages you save a little money because of the saving we make in packing, mailing, postage, etc. Just as soon as I hear from you I will send my special proposition to those who would like to represent me. But whether you want to represent me or not, you certainly want more eggs from your own hens when eggs are highest in price, so be sure to send in coupon at once.

**H. E. Goodrich, President, Kinsella Company**
**1021 Bonheur Building** **Chicago, Illinois**

**H. E. Goodrich, President, Kinsella Company**
**1021 Bonheur Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

On your guarantee of money back if not satisfied, send me the following, as checked, and I will pay the postman the amount shown when goods arrive. It is understood you are also to give me full details about how I can make extra money in spare time without it costing me anything.

☐ 1 package of "Two-for-One," for which I will pay the postman $1 upon arrival.
☐ 3 packages of "Two-for-One," for which I will pay the postman $2.25 on arrival.
☐ 10 packages of "Two-for-One," for which I will pay the postman $5 on arrival.

NOTE: The remedies below will help you make more money with your poultry. Order now. All sent on money-back guarantee. Send no money now.

☐ 1 bottle Kinsella Roup Cure, for which I agree to pay the postman $2 on arrival.
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